

VOL. XI. (XXX.)
1877.

[THIRD SERIES.]

NO. XLII. (CLVI.).
JUNE.

THE MONTH

AND

CATHOLIC REVIEW.



LONDON:
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Some Thoughts on Schism.

THOSE who have had to deal at all frequently with the difficulties which are put in the way of persons who desire to become Catholics by that large number of Anglican ministers, whose occasional occupation it is to "settle" the doubts of their co-religionists, will probably bear me out in the statement that one of the favourite weapons with a certain class of such ministers is an assertion as to the sin of schism, which it may be worth while to analyze, for the sake of clearing up the misconceptions on which it rests. To a Catholic, even if he be not a theologian, the assertion of which I am going to speak will probably seem so strange that he may be tempted to think that it can only be made by a person in bad faith, who does not believe it to be true, but uses it for the sake of preventing a step which he thinks to be wrong. I am not saying that Anglicans of all schools do not sometimes speak and act very recklessly for the sake of preventing a conversion. I have come across many lamentable instances of this in an experience not so very large—but I am glad to be able to add that I have also met with cases in which Anglicans have behaved very honourably and nobly to those who have gone of their own accord, or who have been sent by their friends, to hear what they had to say against submission to the Catholic Church. But I am sure that with regard to the particular objection with which I am about to deal, many an Anglican, whether minister or layman, uses it in perfect good faith, though it may seem hardly possible to acquit those who do so of a considerable confusion of ideas on a subject with which all Christians ought to be familiar enough, inasmuch as it is a point of vital importance, which, as such, ought naturally to fall within the cognizance, not of theologians only, but of all intelligent and practical believers.

There are, then, many Anglicans more or less inclined to acknowledge that the common accusations against Catholicism on the score of doctrine are exaggerations or falsifications,

who still teach those who fall under their influence that it is a sin to have anything to do with Catholicism in this country. If they are asked what is the kind of sin which may be incurred by Catholics, and much more by those who join the Catholic Church from the Anglican ranks, the answer that they give is that such people sin against the divinely ordered unity of the Church, and are guilty of schism. Catholics, they tell us, are schismatics in England, while for the very same reason of the obligation of the precept of unity Anglicans would be guilty of the same sin if they were to set up an Anglican communion in France, or in any other Catholic country. On the other hand, it is a part of the same theory that Catholics, who are schismatics in England, and who can only avoid the sin of schism here by submitting to the Anglican Church and attending the Anglican services and the Anglican "Lord's Supper," ought, nevertheless, when they go abroad, to assist at the Catholic services and receive their Communion at the Catholic altars. All this and a good deal more, of which I need not speak now, is contained in the assertion commonly made, not so much in books and in print as in conversation and correspondence, by many good and conscientious Anglicans, when they either assume or have forced on them the duty, as they consider it, of persuading persons younger or less educated than themselves to refrain from acting on the many motives which lead them in the direction of the Church.

I shall only mention one other form which is sometimes given to the same assertion, or argument, or principle, whatever it should most properly be called. The form of which I am going to speak is one of the most insidious of all that the argument can assume, supposing it to be false. Persons who have been brought up in Anglicanism on what is confessedly, in the common sense of the term, Catholic doctrine—persons who have been taught about the sacraments, and the priesthood, and confession, and the Real Presence, and the like—are met, when they begin to feel that craving for Catholic communion, which is the natural fruit of such teaching, by the argument from authority and the corresponding obligation of dutifulness. They are told that it is wrong to doubt "the Church." The communion in which they have been born is, they are told, the Church to them. The texts on which the duty of submission to lawful teaching, which so solemnly place that teaching on the level of a Divine authority, are applied to the "branch"

of the Church in which their lot has been cast. Thus, if the Anglican establishment is in truth only a creation of the State, without any Divine commission at all or any claim or right to the prerogative of inerrancy in its teaching, it is nevertheless invested by this argument with all the rights of the true bride of Christ, the one mother of all the faithful.

This assumption about the obligation of dutiful submission to authority, is based on the same principle with that other of which I spoke in the first instance. The theory which underlies it is that which underlies the other proposition about schism. It is that of a moveable, divisible, or partial, unity and authority. In the one case, there is one unity of the Church in England and another in France. In the other case, there is one authority in England and another in France. Frenchmen must keep to their own unity, Englishmen must keep to theirs. Englishmen must obey the teaching of the Church of England, Frenchmen must obey the teaching of the Church of France. English communion is schismatical in France, French communion is schismatical in England. Authority is local in the one case, unity is local in the other. And as in the Christian scheme of government, unity and authority cannot be separated, and the seat of the one must also be the home of the other, the principle which supports each of the two statements of which I have been speaking is one and the same. I do not say that the identity is recognized by all those who use either of the two arguments which have been here mentioned. It is enough that we have a right to consider it as a fact that it exists. Indeed, it can only be denied by those who are ready to give up as an article of their creed the unity of the Church. For it is the prerogative, so to speak, of the gift of unity that on it those other Divine gifts of the Church which we call her notes are in truth founded. Authority is inseparable, in the Christian idea, from inerrancy in doctrine. It cannot be conceived, that is, that our Lord would bind His children to obey teaching which was not guaranteed by a Divine assistance from falsehood and error of every kind. The teaching then that is authoritative must be one, for truth cannot change with skies and climate; and hence it follows that the unity of the Church is the root out of which springs her authority as Catholic and Apostolic, as well as her sanctity, in so far as her sanctity constitutes a note, by which she may be known and distinguished from the sects around her.

It has often seemed to me a strange phenomenon, for which an explanation is needed, that no great and conspicuous sect has ever yet ventured to throw away all allegiance to unity of some kind. The Nicene Creed has been mutilated by the Anglicans in their Communion service, and mutilated in this very part in which the notes of the Church are rehearsed. But the Anglicans have omitted, and so by implication denied, the note of holiness—not the note of oneness. And yet, of all the prerogatives of the Church, that gift of unity of which I speak seems, in the Catholic view, to be that which most peremptorily condemns and convicts the disobedience and false teaching of the sects. And yet there it remains in their symbol, as if to bear witness against them. It looks as if the words of our Lord had been too plain, as if His will about unity had been too clearly expressed for any cavil to be possible on this point. Protestant controversialists have striven to the utmost to devise theories of unity which would justify their position. The Christian mind craves for unity. It seems as if no one could forego the thought that he belonged to the One Body of which so much is said in the New Testament. Men have clung to the notion of an invisible unity, which is not violated by the greatest outward differences. They have invented the system of fundamental truths, as to which communities who differ as to everything else may agree, and thus retain substantial unity while divided on other points. They have sought to place the unity of the Church in the possession of the sacraments or the priesthood, or of the Apostolical succession of the Episcopate, which secures the priesthood and the Sacrifice of the New Law. It is not my business now to examine all these theories one by one, but surely the mere fact of their existence is a witness to the instinctive longing for unity, which seems to be a sort of congenital passion in all Christian souls. When so many other truths of the Christian creed are practically forgotten or neglected, it would not have been strange if this law of unity had shared the same fate. It is founded, indeed, as St. Paul implies in one of the great passages in which he has spoken of it,¹ on the unity of the Godhead itself, on the unity of the person of the Divine Comforter, Who is its bond, as He is the bond of unity between the Father and the Son; on the oneness of the faith and of the hope of our Christian calling. There is one Lord, and one faith, and one baptism, one God

¹ Eph. iv. 4—6.

and Father of all, and so, he seems to argue, there must be one Body. Unity is the mark and badge for which our Lord specially prays that it may accredit His Church—that the world may believe that His Father has truly sent Him into the world.² And yet it seems to require explanation that so many sects against which this dogma witnesses so plainly should not have got rid of it.

A Nonconformist would practically admit that unity was sufficiently preserved by some agreement in the substantial doctrines of Christianity, and would not think it necessary to argue against Catholicism in this country on any other ground than that of the fatal errors which he would suppose that we believe. If he thought our doctrines right, or even tolerable, he would allow that we have as good a right to them as he has to his own, and would say that we are virtually one with himself as to the fulfilment of the obligation of unity. The Anglican, on the contrary, may think that we are perfectly orthodox and safe as to all our doctrines, and yet that our salvation is in danger for the simple violation of the precept of unity. It is clear that to him the law of unity is not a dead letter. He urges it as a matter of life or death to the soul. He does not say, "It matters not where you worship so long as your faith is sound." He says just the reverse—"It does not matter how sound is your faith, if you worship outside the one body to which you are bound to belong, you are guilty of the sin of schism." This, and nothing less than this, will justify the position assumed and the language used by the persons of whom we are speaking. It is the same with the other contention, that as to authority. The ordinary Protestant, of course, does not assume the position of an authoritative teacher. He does not claim for the body to which he belongs, and to which he invites others to belong, that high commission which is conveyed in the words, "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." That commission can belong to nothing short of or more limited in extent than the one Body of which St. Paul speaks. The Anglican who tells the inquirer after Catholic unity that it is wrong to doubt the authority of the Establishment, certainly claims for that Establishment the commission of which our Lord speaks in the words which we have quoted. Here again, then, we must say, the authority of the Church is no dead letter to him.

² St. John xvii. 21.

It is a real and living fact, which affects his duty and that of those on whom his arguments are urged. He cannot suppose, as some people have supposed, that the unity of the Church is a thing that ought to be, but is not, or that the authority of the Church is a thing that ought to be, but is not. The sin of schism is a reality to him, and the sin of disobedience to authority is a reality to him. Where there is no unity, indeed, where there is no visible unity, there can be no schism, and where there is no authority, there is no disobedience.

It is well to notice this, not only because the position taken up by the Anglicans of whom we are speaking makes it incumbent on them to have a very clear and defined theory of unity, as to which, therefore, we may test them by argument, but also because the considerations already urged are enough to show that the question is not one of sentiment, as some great authorities among the English clergy have tried to make it. I have often known what seems to be a very unfair use made of the sentiment of dutifulness. People are told that it is so unkind to their parents, or to the past generations or present leaders among the Anglicans, to cast a slur upon the communion to which they have belonged, or for which they are labouring so earnestly. "What a shame to turn your back upon your father and mother, to pretend to know better than the author of the *Christian Year*, to imply that all the beautiful services you have been in the habit of frequenting with so much delight and profit are so many insults to God, or only shams, and that the spiritual guide who has been of so much use and consolation to your soul is either a mere layman, or, at the best, a schismatical priest in rebellion against the Church! Surely all the good you have ever got has come to you from these services or these men; and now all this is not good enough for you, and you are so bold as to imply that what Dr. So-and-so thinks right is wrong. As if he had not read the Fathers and studied Church history all his life, while you are a mere lad, or a silly girl, hardly out of your teens, perhaps, and, as we all know, have not made the most, by any means, of the means of grace which you have had offered to you!" I need not go on further in reminding my readers of the numberless appeals of this sort to which souls on their way to Catholicism are exposed. I mention them here because they illustrate my argument, and are at once answered by it. They are appeals to feeling, not to reason. Feeling has its own sphere in religion, but that

sphere is often greatly exaggerated, and nothing can be more disastrous than to apply feeling to a sphere which does not belong to it. The great apostle of what may be called the "dutifulness-argument in reference to the English Establishment," was the author of the *Christian Year*, already named. But even Mr. Keble professed, as indeed he could not but profess, that feeling, however beautiful and natural, was to be subordinated in the affair of religion to the paramount duty which we owe to truth.³ I cannot say that I think he always acted on his own principle in the matter, but that has nothing to do with our present point.

It may be worth while to clear up this question of dutifulness before proceeding further on our way. Two things are clear to any one who understands our Lord's words in reference to the most lawful and imperative kinds of feeling, such as the love which we owe to father or mother, when it comes into conflict with the claims of truth. One of these is, that He certainly contemplated as a very possible and common danger to His disciples, that they might find the apparent claims of dutifulness frequently interfering with the duty which they might owe to the truth as taught by and as embodied in the Church, and that He took especial pains in consequence to warn them that, in the case of such a conflict, even the most tender of natural ties was to be broken through. The other thing which is clear is this, that although it may and must sometimes happen that very tender and natural affections and ties have to be sacrificed to the duty which is owing to truth, there can never be any conflict between a true duty and the claims of truth in the matter of religion. For there can never be two rival authorities to both of whom our dutifulness is owing, at the same time, as to one and the same subject matter. The appeals to feeling which are so often made in the case of those who desire to submit to the Church are based, like the assumptions of which mention has already been made, on false premisses. When the true premisses on which such appeals ought to be grounded are substituted for the false, the force of the appeals is not eluded, but turned in the contrary direction. The dutifulness which we owe to the Church is one of the reasons for abandoning rebellion. Our duty to our parents flows from

³ "Next to a sound rule of faith, there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion" (Preface to the *Christian Year*).

our duty to God, and our duty to the Church flows from our duty to God. The former belongs to the natural order, the latter to the supernatural order. A duty of a supernatural obligation reaches beyond the sphere of a natural obligation; and thus it is possible that our duty to the Church may make us sacrifice our love for our parents. We are to obey God rather than men, as the Apostles claimed when they were forbidden by the authorities of their nation to preach in the name of our Lord. But the duty of obedience to the Church can never be divided—it can only be apparently misplaced. When we break through the supposed ties of allegiance to a “branch” for the sake of our allegiance to the whole body of the Church, we do not override one duty by another—we simply transfer to the rightful object feelings and affections and obedience which had before been by a mistake directed to an object which had no lawful claim to them.

In truth, the claim advanced by these Anglicans in favour of what they call their branch of the Church Catholic, is not only false but absurd. Christians never had and never could have had, any allegiance, duty, loyalty, gratitude, or any other tie whatever of rightful obligation or feeling of the kind of which we are speaking, except to the one Body into which they are admitted by the one Baptism of which the Apostle speaks. The people of whom I speak are fond of the phrase, which also I think they owe to Mr. Keble, of the “holy undivided Church.” The undivided Church, in the mouths of Christians, ought to be another term for the one Church—but the old Catholic title of the Church, which has been inserted in the Creed, was not enough for the Anglican theory. If the undivided Church means nothing but the one Church, why change the ancient word for the modern? But, in the meaning of Mr. Keble and others, the new phrase did mean something different from the old. It meant that the Church was no longer one, though it had been so. That was the theological heresy contained in the new formula, and this false assertion involved another of a very practical import—namely, that the duty of Christians to the Church as long as she remained undivided, and no longer—and that in consequence, there was to them no one Church, in the sense of the Creed, to which their duty was owing. Very well, then, let them be taken at their word. In the ages when the Church, as they think, was still undivided, the allegiance of Christians was certainly due to the one Body, and not to any

part of that Body as distinct from it. In east and west alike, if a local or national Church or community separated itself from this one Body, it became the duty of all Catholics to forsake the local or national community for the one Church from which separation had been made. The one Body had a right, by the law of God, on their allegiance, and the local body never had any such right. The absurdity of the Anglican theory lies in this, that it attributes to a local or national community, when a state of separation ensues, the rights and prerogatives which it never possessed before the separation. The passage of the Church, as they consider it, from a state of unity to a state of dissolution, is followed, not by an abeyance or suspension of her rights on the allegiance of her subjects, but by an extension of those Divine prerogatives by virtue of which it became a sin to desert or to disobey her, to every single individual fragment of the unity which had once existed. The logical conclusion which ought to follow from the dissolution of the unity which our Lord had endowed with so much authority would be that that endowment had been forfeited. The illogical conclusion is that, as a reward for the breach of unity, each particular communion is endowed with an authority which it never laid claim to or possessed before the unity was broken. No!—if the one Church could really be divided, which, by the mercy of God, it can never be, and which all who believe the Christian creeds assert daily that it never has been—then it would be the duty of faithful Christians to ascertain what truths still came to them on the authority of all the portions together of the once united Church. To tell them that unity being in abeyance, authority devolves on each isolated fragment, is to make God the author of division, because it makes Him invest with Divine prerogatives a number of communions at variance with one another. And, whereas it is said by St. John that our Lord was to give His life in order that He might gather together in one the children of God who were before dispersed, this assertion makes Him enjoin on the children of God, on pain of violating His ordinance, to be dispersed and not to be gathered in one.

The question between us and the Anglicans of whom I am speaking is thus found to be a simple question of fact. Their argument involves and requires a certain view as to the nature of the sin against which they warn the seekers after unity whom they wish, or think it their duty, to hinder from

becoming Catholics. That sin is the sin of schism. Schism is the violation of the unity of the Church, just as heresy is the sin against the law of the Church in regard to matters of belief. Each of these sins is what it is in consequence of the constitution of the kingdom of our Lord. If the Church were not what our Lord has willed her to be, the authoritative teacher of the world as to what is true, rebellion against her in this respect would not be the sin of heresy. If she were not what our Lord has willed her to be, one visible body with a corporate life and organization of her own—a kingdom and empire as tangible and as distinct and as completely independent and sovereign over its own subjects as any that the world has ever seen—then rebellion against her government would not be the sin of schism.

In one of the many pamphlets which appeared during the old Oxford movement, there was a curious passage which I can only quote from memory, and which therefore I may perhaps make some mistake of detail in recalling. But I think I can hardly fail in the substance of the story. The writer, who was, I think, Dr. Pusey, was speaking of the Evangelical movement which had gone before the rise of the Tractarian party. He gave it its due meed of praise, but he said that he had heard of or known an old clergyman who had pointed out at the time that there was one Article of the Creed which was comparatively neglected by the Evangelicals—the Article about the Church and the Communion of Saints. He said, if I remember right, that the day would come when this article would as it were have its revenge, and come out to claim its due prominence. Of course he thought that the prophecy had been fulfilled in the Tractarian movement. I fear that the heirs, as they are fond of calling themselves, of the Tractarians do not trouble themselves so much about the Article as to the Church as the original leaders used. But the appeal against submission to the Catholic Church on the ground of the sin of schism which may be incurred thereby is at least a proof that the existence of the doctrine is not altogether forgotten. The old Tractarians did not shrink from urging the claims of the Establishment on the allegiance of all Englishmen. Catholics and Nonconformists alike were told by them that they were guilty of schism if they did not submit to the Establishment. Now, I think, this claim is no longer made, except by a few of the older High Churchmen. They are

consistent in so doing, and the other Anglicans, such as some of those of whom I am speaking, are inconsistent if they do not go equally far. But, as a matter of fact, I find that this doctrine about the sin of schism and the duty of unity lies unused in the armoury of these gentlemen, except when they bring it out for the benefit of the souls who are desirous of becoming Catholics. A great change has come over the High Church party since the days of the secessions and of the series of Privy Council decisions of which the Gorham judgment was the first. The idea of living and letting others live has taken the place of the assertion for the Establishment of the full claims of a Catholic Church. It would seem that if there is now so much more toleration of differences among Anglicans generally than was allowed formerly, the indulgence might as well be extended to the case of the would-be Catholics. But it is not so in practice. The truth seems to be that the doctrine of schism and unity is a doctrine which speaks to souls with Catholic instincts, and not to others, and it is therefore used to them and not to others. A few short considerations ought to be enough to show whether it is fair to use them or not.

No one who holds any doctrine about unity which at all approaches to the Catholic standard, will deny that the unity which was so precious to our Lord must be something very real and true. A merely nominal or superficial unity would not correspond to the strong language of our Lord in His Prayer to His Eternal Father, wherein He says that He asks that they may be one, "as We are One." It would not correspond to the Christian idea of the conservation of unity as the special work of the Holy Ghost. It would not correspond to the burning words of St. Paul in more than one passage of his Epistles. It would not answer to the idea which meets us again and again in the New Testament, that schism is a sin of a very deep dye indeed. It is contradicted by the statement of St. John that the formation of the Christian unity was one of the great objects of our Lord in His Incarnation and Passion. It is inconsistent with His own words in the Prayer already referred to, where He asks for unity as a proof of His mission from His Father. A nominal and official unity, like that comprehensiveness of which Broad Church writers are so fond, could easily be, and has often been, the work of statesmen or politicians, and could, therefore, by no means prove the presence of a Divine power and authority. The unity of persons who

agree to coalesce into one body, retaining each one his own opinions, however diverse from the opinions of the rest, proves nothing more than the influence of some strong motive to keep people outwardly together, who are not truly one. This is exactly the kind of unity which now prevails in the Establishment. It is within the capacity of a clever statesman, but it is altogether unworthy of God. The unity, then, of which God is the Author and Preserver, must be true and deep, reaching at least as far as the conditions which we find laid down in the ordinary books of theology—that is, as far as oneness of objective faith, oneness of faith subjectively received either explicitly or implicitly, oneness of profession, oneness of worship, of sacraments, and of organization. The unity of which our Lord and His Apostles have said so much, must penetrate the whole body and each member of the body which by virtue of it is one. Heart and mind, intelligence and will, all must be affected by its influence. It is not to be conceived that anything short of this could have been made by our Lord a note of His Church.

Now, that such a far-reaching and penetrating unity is contrary to the instincts and far above the range of our poor human nature, needs no proof. The history of the Church, indeed, looked at from almost any point of view, is a significant commentary, the plain import of which cannot be questioned, on the natural tendency to division and independence which has left marks so deep on the earthly course of the Christian kingdom. It seems as if our Lord, in choosing unity for the proof of His mission, had shown His supernatural wisdom as much as when He read the hearts of His enemies or of His disciples. He knew, as the Evangelist tells us, what was in man. Because He knew what was in man, He chose as a proof that He was more than man an achievement which no human power could bring about. But, when He made unity the note of the Church which He had founded, He made it a sign that all could see. Such is the meaning of a note. A city set on a mountain cannot be hid. Such was the Church to be—a city, inasmuch as its unity and organization were to be visible and cognizable; and a city on a mountain, inasmuch as even from afar it could be discerned. And, in the second place, it is not conceivable that the violation of this unity, so precious in our Lord's eyes, and yet so difficult of preservation, could not be in a moment detected. If it was to be so great a sin to depart from Christian unity, it is clear that our Lord cannot have left

it to be an insoluble and inextricable question when that sin has been committed. If you break the unity of some inorganic substance, if you cut a stone into parts, or divide a quantity of water into different vessels, the whole which once existed is destroyed, and one fragment or portion is as good as another. It is not so with organisms—certainly not with any organism that can be called a kingdom. In all such organizations there is a centre or head or organ of unity, and where that is, there the corporate existence is summed up and preserved, though part after part may fall off and be separated. In a kingdom, when civil war breaks out, both sides cannot be rebels. One party must rebel, the other party must have authority on its side. If the kingdom is permanently divided, it becomes two, not one—its unity is gone. But when we speak of His Church, we are speaking of a kingdom which cannot be divided, and therefore we may be sure that the idea which prevailed all over Christendom until the days of the so-called Reformation, that God had provided in a very special and stringent manner for the preservation of its unity, cannot have been a mistake. If all Christians are equal, if there be no such thing as authority and subordination and obedience among them, then it is certain that unity can only be maintained by a perpetual miracle, by some special influence of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of all and of each one in particular, by means of which their natural tendencies to division and diversity have been kept in check. It need not be said that such a provision would be entirely out of keeping with the whole of the Christian system, in which there is an external, visible, and personal provision for every need of the community of the children of God. In what other way, then, in keeping with the other parts of the Divine system of the Church, has our Lord provided for the preservation of unity, and for the clear and conspicuous distinction between those who are in a state of schism and of rebellion, and those who are faithful and loyal to the unity so dear to Him?

Now, after all, the various theories as to the Divine provision for the maintenance of unity can be counted on our fingers. There are not so very many different ways in which the end could have been attained, without violation of the general principles on which the scheme of the kingdom of God is formed. The great fundamental principle of that kingdom may be said to be the use of simple and obvious means, weak in themselves indeed, but endowed with a supernatural force and

efficacy for the purpose for which they are used through the communication of the powers of our Lord in His Sacred Humanity. Thus we have the sacraments, and the priesthood, the ministry of the word in what St. Paul calls the foolishness of preaching, the guidance of souls by men, not by angels, and other similar instances of the same principle. To what has the preservation of unity been intrusted? The answers given by various schools are, as has been said, not so very many. But they exhaust all the possible means that can be imagined, unless we are to travel beyond the class of means which are used in the Christian system in general. So for a time, when the Reformers had broken the unity of Christendom, they and their followers were inclined to find the divinely appointed organ of unity in the Book of the Sacred Scriptures. It was soon found that to intrust the safeguarding of unity to a book which every one could interpret according to his own ideas, was to intrust peace to war and harmony to division. It became obvious to all not wilfully blind, that a more certain way of securing difference of opinion and practice could not have been devised, nor has it ever been found that those who have adopted this theory of unity have remained together, unless kept together by some external influence or force.

The next theory as to the organ of unity, which need only be mentioned to be rejected, is the theory which commits the preservation of this Divine condition of salvation to the guard of the civil power. Anglicans are as much shocked at this idea as ourselves, and yet it might be well for them to consider whether this theory is not involved in their own favourite doctrine of the independence of national churches. The nation is a civil unity, and its unity is the work of its Government and constitution. It is complete in its own sphere and way, but it is an essentially exclusive unity, and limits its range to a particular race or collection of subjects. It cannot be the organ of that unity which is to bind in one Jew and Gentile, Roman and Greek, barbarian and Scythian, bond and free. Indeed, it is a matter of history, that as the Divine unity of the Church has been rejected by nation after nation in the civilized world, their international animosities have become more intense and lasting.

The national principle is the only principle in the natural order to which we can possibly look for the preservation of unity of any kind. It succeeds admirably enough in securing civil unity. It is one of the most powerful principles that act upon

large masses of men. But it is also a principle of exclusion, and cannot therefore be invoked to furnish the foundation for the great world-wide and all-embracing unity which our Lord came to set up in the Catholic Church. For this supernatural unity we must clearly have a Divine means provided, and such a means can only be looked for among the spiritual creations of our Lord in the organization of the Church. We naturally look to the governors of the Christian body for the preservation of unity, as well as of all the other vital and organic laws of the spiritual kingdom. But bishops are, and always have been from the necessity of the case, multitudinous in number; and it is certain from history that they are not by virtue of their office shielded from the danger of dissension among themselves. A glance at the annals of the age of Doctors, as we may term the period of the history of the Church which begins with St. Athanasius and ends with St. Gregory the Great, will convince the most sceptical that neither single bishops for their own dioceses nor assemblies of bishops of large portions of the Christian world, can be considered as the Divinely-appointed organs of the unity of which we are speaking. If we are to suppose, on the other hand, that the general councils of the whole Church are the Divine organ of which we are in search, we fall into another difficulty, quite as insuperable as that which besets the theory just mentioned. For there is no imaginable organ of unity at which it is from the nature of things so difficult to get, as the organ of a general council. Centuries have passed during which it is not only true to say that there have been no general councils at all, but also that their meeting would have been a matter of extreme difficulty, if not of impossibility. To this objection it may be added, that there has seldom been a general council which was accepted as such by those whom it condemned, so that the organ of unity would in this case be not only cumbersome and most difficult to set in operation, but also liable to every possible cavil when it was once in motion and after it had acted.

It remains, therefore, that the simple reason of the matter obliges us to fall back on the ancient faith of the Christian world as to the organ of unity. The whole question becomes clear when we accept the Catholic interpretation of the Divine words, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Here is an organ of unity which can never fail, unless the promise of

our Lord is falsified. Here is an organ of unity which can never be divided against itself, and so can be the certain standard of unity to the whole world. Here is an organ of unity which can furnish a test applicable at any moment and discernible to any apprehension. The unity of the Body of our Lord is summed up in Peter and his successors, and he that is not with him and with them scattereth abroad. There is no unity without union with them, there is no schism but separation from them. And thus unity and schism are the same respectively, wherever they are to be found. They do not change with clime or race, they are not one thing in the east and another thing in the west, one thing to the north of the Straits of Calais and another to the south, one thing on the west of St. George's Channel and another on the east, one thing in England in the days of Henry the Seventh, and another thing in the same country in the days after the adulterous intercourse of his son with Anne Boleyn. But if this is true, we need little more to show us what to think of the argument about schism and unity, as used by the Anglicans of whom I have been speaking. It is not only unfounded, it is also in the highest degree preposterous and unreasonable. It has not half as much ground in Christian reason as the theory that the unity of which our Lord spoke is an invisible unity, or as the theory that the reception of baptism is all that is required in order to constitute membership of the one body of which St. Paul was, as may be said, the great doctor and preacher. In the case of either of those theories, the doctrine is inadequate to the plain meaning of the sacred declarations made or recorded in Scripture—in the case of the Anglican hypothesis, the doctrine is not only inadequate, but it also labours under the defect of a plain and enormous absurdity. An invisible unity may be a true unity. The unity of baptism is true and discernible as far as it goes. But to make the test of unity adherence to a national Church, is to make disunion itself the principle of unity.

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The Native Tribes of North America and the Catholic Missions.¹

THE main object of this paper is to arrive at a just appreciation of the immense labours required of those zealous men who spent their lives and often shed their blood to Christianize the North American races. It is always an affair of great difficulty to convert pagans to Christ; and the task is still more arduous when the pagans to be converted are rude savages, degraded consequently from their primitive state. But when, besides, they show a total want of aptitude for a well-regulated life, and appear incapable of standing firmly by the strong determination manifested at their baptism, the work seems to be almost hopeless, and requires superhuman exertions to render the success lasting. It is well known that the grace of God requires human instruments for the conversion of the world, and exacts of them labours proportionate to the natural obstacles offered in any given case.

But a sufficient study of the Red Indian will prove that he was not only a pagan, when the first Catholic missionaries came—not only a degraded savage, but in appearance totally unfit for a *settled* life, either as an agriculturist, a fisherman, or even as a hunter, the wildest of all the pursuits of inferior tribes. This will become evident as we go on. Now, before a pagan can become a thorough Christian he must be made, to a certain extent at least, a man of steady habits, or his new religion will be exposed to extraordinary temptations. But it is literally true that no race of man had ever before been met by the messengers of God less apt to follow a regular course of conduct. The barbarians of the north of Europe, when they swooped down on the Roman Empire, and destroyed all its institutions, were undoubtedly poor subjects as future converts, and they gave immense trouble to the Church to polish and convert them. Still they were capable of a high

¹ Mexico is not included in the subject-matter of this article.

degree of culture, as they proved afterwards, and in a short time furnished a great number of saints to our calendar. People say that the reason is that they were of Aryan stock, and the Red Indian is not. It may be so; we will not discuss the question. Our object is first to represent the Indians as they were when Europeans began to colonize North America. The reader will then be able to judge what kind of task the Catholic missionaries undertook, and if their success was not on the whole surprising.

It is necessary to exclude Mexico from the present inquiry. The history of that country alone would require very large development; and whatever may be the opinion of some ethnographers, we do not believe that it was inhabited by races of the same origin as were the North Red Indian tribes; although they certainly came from the north with regard to Mexico. What has just been said of the natural unfitness of the Red Indians for civilization and Christianity, cannot apply to the Aztecs and other Nahua and Maya nations, which have in fact been firmly attached to the Christian religion ever since their conversion by Spanish missionaries. This subject is full of interest, and has not been treated, that we know, on a sufficiently large scale. There are, no doubt, many relations, letters, memoirs, &c., in Spanish libraries on the subject; and one or two—very interesting ones—in the large collection of Lord Kingsborough; but this does not constitute a "history of missions." Some Mexican clergyman or able Catholic layman would render a real service to the Church by applying himself to it. After the labours of many historians, Catholic or even Protestant, the civil history of Mexico, the manners of its ancient people, all the details of the prodigious revolution effected by Cortez, are thoroughly known. But the way the people became Christian is scarcely ever mentioned by any of these writers. A Jesuit Father, whose name escapes us, has written a history of missions in Mexico; but as he treats only of those undertaken by the Society of Jesus, those which immediately followed the conquest could not enter into his scope, as the Society did not then exist.

It does not enter into our own, as our subject is limited to the Red Indians. And to give it still a more definite shape, the present sketch will embrace both the tribes of the North, in Canada, and the northern part of the United States, and those of the South, as far as the frontier of Mexico. In the first

of these, French missionaries, in the second, Spanish religious, carried on during nearly two centuries a holy warfare against savagery and paganism. The subject may be of great interest generally in Europe, where it is not so universally known, as it is to most of the children of the true Church in the Dominion of Canada and in the Republic of the United States.

The Indian tribes of the vast northern territory—the special field of missionaries from France—must come first for description; and our object being mainly to reach the history of the noble efforts made to convert those northern tribes, the great number of the petty nations which scarcely come within the circle of Catholic proselytism, must be described cursorily and with scarcely any detail. The chief object of interest must bear on those tribes only in which the faith made sufficient progress to deserve the attention of a Christian reader. This remark circumscribes still more the subject, which in its entirety would take a long time to develop in a monthly periodical.

The question thus contracted does not embrace the seemingly previous inquiry, Who were the first inhabitants of North America? It appears to be now to a great extent admitted that the Red Indians known to history were not. The stupendous remains of antiquity which are still found all over the vast territory under consideration; the mounds scattered profusely over a large part of the United States in the North; the fortifications, earth works, &c., which have been in great part excavated, and prove that the race by whom they were erected was a great military race; the numerous relics of art which now fill the museums of the country, seem to intimate that before the Red Indian flourished on the banks of the Ohio and its tributaries, of the Mississippi and its affluents, these regions must have been the dwelling of a far more powerful and civilized people, for the later remains, also unearthed in abundance, show a far inferior degree of material civilization. But with this we are not concerned. We have nothing to do with this archæological difficulty.

When the Spaniards landed on the coast of Florida; the French Huguenots on that of Carolina; the Dutch and English on the seaboard of the present Middle States; and finally the French Catholics in the valley of the St. Lawrence, the European colonists found themselves face to face with a great number of tribes whose languages differed a great deal from

each other; whose dress and exterior appearance offered numerous points of divergence, but who belonged evidently to the same ethnological stock. The features of the face, the complexion of the skin, the long hair and the want of beard, social habits, cruelty in war, inclination to plunder, the pursuit of hunting as the great means of sustaining life, a wretched system of agriculture in a most fertile and favoured country, the way of bringing up their children, the inferior position of women, the independence of all under nominal chieftains, religion finally, or what took the place of it, proclaimed that they belonged originally to the same family of nations.

They had no history, and the primitive picture-writing that they used had reference only to actual facts which they wished to communicate to their friends at a distance, particularly in their predatory expeditions. Even their traditions were extremely limited; and it was only after a long period of intercourse with them that the missionaries began to know something of their previous existence, of their religious notions, of their alliances or feuds. It was found, after a while, that they often formed confederacies between a certain number of tribes, and considered the others as their natural enemies. They had thus some rude ideas of those political preferences or antipathies which generally compose the international policy of more refined races. But what was most striking to the eyes of Europeans was the vast area of territory over which these common characteristics prevailed. For not only was this the case all along the Atlantic coast, from Labrador to the southern cape of Florida; but when gradually the European colonists advanced into the interior of the country, they met with the same peculiarities wherever they reached in their adventurous expeditions. The tribes along the St. Lawrence and around the great lakes; those who hunted on both sides of the Ohio river; the numerous small nations which formed the sparse population on both banks of the Mississippi, as far north as the high plateau celebrated by Longfellow in his *Hiawatha*; those, finally, who lived along the Missouri and its affluents could all enter into a general sketch which a few pages of ordinary writing would set forth. The differences were so inconsiderable that the missionaries, when they met with any, made a great deal of them in their *relations* or memoirs. After more mature consideration it was often found out that they amounted in fact to very little.

Had the missionaries ever crossed, at that time, the chain of the Rocky Mountains they would have seen that in the immense territory embraced within the high ranges of this extensive plateau, and beyond, in the plains which extend from this backbone of the Continent to the distant shores of the Pacific, the same savage state existed among men, and the same habits of life, and social institutions obtained among people whose languages were as diversified as those which are spoken in and around the Caucasus, according to the reports of ethnographers.

It is this astonishing proof of a common origin which gives to the study of these nations a peculiar interest; because it brings on the conviction that such a vast branch of our common humanity deserves the serious attention not alone of Christians, but of the simple philosopher and historian likewise. With these few preliminary words the subject itself must be ushered in.

I. NORTHERN TRIBES.

These are the most important for the history of the missions, and are comprised almost altogether within the Algonquin and the Huron-Iroquois families. The Algonquins are the more remarkable of the two, because of their being spread over a far larger territory, so as to surround the Huron-Iroquois. But this last family of tribes had by far the greater political and social influence over the whole country, as they were constantly involved in war with nearly all the other tribes of North America between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean, and were almost invariably victorious.

The nations immediately allied ethnologically together, so as to form the Algonquin or Algonic branch of the Red Indians, occupied more than half the territory east of the Mississippi and south of the St. Lawrence. They had possession mainly, though not exclusively, of an area extending along sixty degrees of longitude and more than twenty degrees of latitude. Some of them dwelt on the Ottawa river in the north, and others on the frontiers of Georgia in the south. The chief of them were, going from east to west, the Montagnais still inhabiting as far north as Labrador, contiguous consequently to the Esquimaux of Greenland; the Gaspesians and Mic-Macs occupying the actual provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; the Algonquins, properly so called, along the St. Lawrence and

the Ottawa; the Nipissings still dwelling around the lake of the same name; westward yet, the Ottawas and Chippewas, not far from the outlet of Lake Superior; a little further southwest, the Menomonees, the Sacs, the Foxes, the Kickapoos, and the Mascoutens; around the southern curve of Lake Michigan dwelt the numerous clans forming the confederacy of the Illinois, and the Miamis along the Miami river. Going back to the point of starting, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, there dwelt south of the Gaspesians and Mic-Macs, called by the French Souriquois, the tribe of the Abnakis so well known from the labours of Rasles their apostle. Some remains of it still exist on Penobscot river. The territory they occupied forms now a part of the State of Maine. A little further south, around the head waters of the Connecticut river, lived the Sokokis, a nation long extinct and scarcely known to history, even at the time of the settlement by the first European colonists. Not far from the Sokokis lived the Narrayansetts and Peguods, with whom the settlers of Connecticut waged so long and disastrous a war. At the same latitude, but a little further west, on the Hudson river, the Mohegans dwelt, rendered more illustrious by the pen of Fenimore Cooper than by all the dull historians of colonial times. Further south still, the Lenni Lenape roamed along the Delaware and the Susquehanna; and all over the actual State of Virginia were settled the Powhatans, among whom Pocahontas shed a halo of sweet joy. The Shawnees, in the west, roved on the banks of the Ohio; and, finally several tribes of the Algonic family had long before settled as far south as the Carolinas.

All these tribes, and many others of less note, belonged undoubtedly to the great Algonquin family of nations. There was among them all a kind of remembrance of their common origin; and when some of them were attacked by the ferocious Huron-Iroquois living in their midst, they found many friends to assist them, although too often to little purpose. For although like all other Red Indians they were incessantly at war with some tribe or other, and they carried it on with due Indian ferocity, still the Huron-Iroquois far surpassed them in that regard, and many tribes of Algonquins were almost annihilated by these blood-thirsty enemies of their race.

It is consequently proper to give also a short sketch of the Huron-Iroquois, such as they were when the Europeans landed in America. It will be afterwards proportionately easy to

understand their subsequent history, and the peculiar obstacles the propagation of the Gospel met among them. Fortunately this branch of the subject has been thoroughly studied by Henry R. Schoolcraft, who published the result of his extensive researches in his *Notes on the Iroquois*, which he might have written in better English. With regard to missionary labour among them, the numerous works of Mr. John G. Shea, so full of reliable data, presented with intelligence and accuracy, in a simple but always pleasing style, render the task of a mere abbreviator easy, as they do not oblige him to have so often recourse to the true sources of information, particularly to the best of them, the celebrated *Jesuit Relations*, which Mr. Shea knows almost by heart. His notes in the excellent translation he gave of Charlevoix' *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, prove it abundantly.

The Huron-Iroquois, though originally of the same extraction as the Algonquins, differed from them in many respects when the French first colonized Canada ; and several proofs of it will come naturally on record as the narrative proceeds. The history of both peoples—Algonquins and Iroquois—previous to the arrival of the European colonists, is almost completely unknown. For a long time already they had been at war ; and the Huron-Iroquois, having so far occupied a region central with regard to the Algonquins, carried on their expeditions against their enemies, as far south as North Carolina, as far west as the Mississippi, and in the east and north reached often what is now the middle of New England and the lower shores of the St. Lawrence, not very far from its mouth. But of this there will be occasion to speak later on. The subject immediately on hand regards the Huron-Iroquois themselves. The compound expression just used has to be explained more thoroughly. Both nations belonged undoubtedly to the same stock. All the traditions of either of them pointed to this fact. Originally they were brethren. They had come together from the great West, after having wandered along the Mississippi, as far south as the present state of Tennessee, if not farther. When they reached the country where the Europeans found them on landing, the Hurons occupied the western part of what is now called the Province of Ontario in the Dominion of Canada, north of the St. Lawrence consequently. The Iroquois had taken possession of the north-western part of the actual State of New York. These last formed then a con-

federacy of five nations, having their council-fire in the neighbourhood of Seneca Lake, north-west of the Mohawk river. They drew an imaginary diagram of a *Long House*, as they called it, extending, according to Schoolcraft, "from the present site of Albany, to the foot of the great lakes, a distance, by modern admeasurement, of three hundred and twenty-five miles." The Mohawks were supposed to be standing on guard at the eastern gate, near the mouth of Mohawk river at its confluence with the Hudson; and the Senecas performed the same office at the western gate, near Lake Ontario. This was the sacred ground of the confederacy as the *pomærium* was for the city of Rome. But, of course, as the Romans started from the foot of the capitol to go to the conquest of the world, so the Iroquois were supposed to start from the *Long House* to subdue the Algonquins who occupied the vast territory from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and from the great lakes to the frontiers of Alabama and Georgia.

The Hurons, however, must be considered the first; because it seems that originally they were the most prominent in this group of nations. They always asserted their claim to it. They relied for this on an original tradition, preserved in *Oneota*, which represents them as having been honoured with the precedence as a tribe, in older ages, and in a wider circle of nations. Schoolcraft says that, "whatever reliance may be placed on this tradition, or any part thereof, they are confessedly one of the leading branches of our elder North American stocks, and their traditions are worthy of regard. They gave themselves the name of Wendat, on account of which the English colonists called them Wyandots. The French word Huron was a nickname given them by the Canadian French, probably with a view to express their uncouth physiognomy. It seems certain that they had always been formerly at peace with their brethren the Iroquois, although they did not enter into their strict confederacy. John C. Calhoun, the celebrated South Carolina statesman, when at College in New Haven, in 1802, became acquainted with a Mr. Williams, an intelligent half-Wyandot, apparently well informed of the traditions of his country. Williams told Mr. Calhoun that "the old forts in the Ohio valley were erected some one hundred and fifty or two hundred years before, in the course of a long war which was carried on between the Wyandots and the Cherokees." This tradition cannot be true, because the fortifications whose remains still

exist in Ohio are much older than two hundred years; and supposing possible a war between the Wyandots in the north and the Cherokees in the south, the fortifications in Ohio would be of little use, unless those nations occupied then a position widely different from the one which has always been known to be theirs. So far as we know, the Cherokees lived always south of Carolina and Tennessee. But at least the existence of this tradition is a proof that anciently the Wyandots were a renowned people.

At the time of the arrival of the French at Quebec, they occupied a territory very small relatively to their number. This was the diminutive peninsula in the southern extremity of Georgian Bay on Lake Huron, not exceeding in extent seventy-five miles by twenty-four. But in these narrow limits, four tribes, containing at least thirty-thousand souls, lived in eighteen villages well fortified by ditch and palisade. In the whole extent of the actual United States, nothing of the kind could have then been found out of this little strip of land. For it would be a very wrong idea to imagine that the nations we describe, and those of which we cannot say anything, as not coming within our scope, filled then the continent of North America, as it is the case with nations in Europe, Asia, and even Africa. On the whole immense territory stretching from New Mexico and Sonora in the south-west, to the shores of the Atlantic, near the St. Lawrence in the east, the Indian tribes occupied only very contracted spots, in which a few villages could be seen; each group being surrounded by vast tracts of thickly wooded land, where the tribes could wander at random to hunt, fish or make war. Weeks and months of travel on foot, across these forest-wildernesses, were required to pass from one nation, so-called, to another. The villages of the Iroquois along the Mohawk river were scarcely an exception to this. The only real exception in fact was the colony of the Hurons or Wyandots in the spot which has just been described.

This spot will draw our attention further on, because it became in North America the only one where a true reproduction of the "Reductions," as they were called, of South America, and particularly of Paraguay, took place. Most of the inhabitants became at last true martyrs under the tomahawk of their former brethren, the Iroquois; and thus to the pleasing spectacle of uncouth pagans changed into meek Christians was added that of religious heroes dying for their faith, and sanc-

tifying with their blood a ground so far given over to superstition and paganism. Of this more anon.

What was the cause of the enmity which sprung up between the two main branches of the Huron-Iroquois family of tribes, and when did it occur? A few words are required here on the subject. According to Schoolcraft it happened about the time the French arrived at Quebec, and when the Wyandots entered into an alliance, for the first time, with the Algonquins of the lower St. Lawrence. The Wyandots or Hurons never seem to have shared in the violent hatred of the Iroquois for the Algonquin race. From the *Jesuit Relations*, chiefly from the detailed particularities written by the Fathers Lejeune and Charles Lallement, the Wyandots of Lake Huron on the one side, and the Algonquins of Hochelaga or Montreal, of Three Rivers, and of Quebec, on the other, appear from the beginning to have lived on friendly terms, to have traded together; and their respective hunting parties do not seem to have given cause to quarrels ending in general wars. When the French arrived they soon interchanged with the Algonquins, particularly with the Montagnais of the neighbourhood of Quebec, the most friendly relations. This was the origin of the intimate acquaintance which grew up between the new European colonists and the Wyandots who came every year, in their bark canoes, all the way from Lake Huron to Three Rivers and even to Quebec, a distance of three hundred leagues, according to the calculation of the French.

This friendship of the Hurons for the Algonquins and French could not please the Iroquois, who at all times were the deadly enemies of the Algonquin race, either north, along the St. Lawrence, or west, on the banks of the Mississippi, or south and east, as far as the Atlantic Ocean and the frontiers of Georgia. The opinion of Schoolcraft, consequently, on the origin of the war, is very natural, and may be true. The ordinary sources of information, however, do not state it, that we know expressly.

It has been said, a few pages back, that the Iroquois formed very early a confederacy of five nations, to which a sixth one was subsequently added; and that the Wyandots likewise had their allies in the surrounding tribes, although these do not seem to have ever formed a compact league like the one established by their enemies. This requires a few moments' consideration.

The names of the five Iroquois nations in English were,

the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. The Tuscarora tribe was the sixth which joined the confederacy later on, and came then from Carolina, where it had formerly migrated. The Mohawks are supposed to be, according to Schoolcraft, the "eldest brother" in the symbolical chain of the six nations. Their own tradition assigns them this rank, and it appears to be consonant to other traditions. They occupied the lower half of the Mohawk valley, and were supposed to be "on guard" at the eastern gate of the Long House, near the mouth of the Mohawk river, where it empties into the Hudson, a few miles north of the actual city of Albany. But owing to their heroic bravery, their power extended much farther than the narrow strip of land called the valley of the Mohawk. Their real dominion embraced the country from the head waters of the Susquehanna and the Delaware to Lake Champlain. In their predatory excursions they often went as far east as the central portion of Connecticut, and south as far as Manhattan island, where now stands New York. As to the north, they often crossed the St. Lawrence, and roamed freely in the extensive possessions of the Algonquin tribes. They became, in course of time, the most attached of all the Iroquois to the English colonists of New York and Massachusetts, through the influence obtained over them by Sir William Johnson, who, during a period of at least thirty years, may be said to have ruled over them.

The Oneidas are said to have been originally an off-shoot of the Onondaga stock, which will presently come under consideration. After their separation from the parent stem, they settled, first at the mouth of Oneida Creek, which empties into the lake of the same name. Then moving up the stream, they subsequently occupied the country around the strange boulder, known under the name of the Oneida Stone, from which they thought, after a while, they had sprung. This stone stands on the summit of a high hill or small mountain, from which all the country around can be at once surveyed. There they placed their council-fire, and whenever they had some national affair to discuss, at this fire they lighted their calumets, and were then ready to hear the opinions of their sachems. The name they gave themselves was Oniota-aug, people who sprung from the stone. The Mohawks, their near neighbours east, called them *Oneota*, from which came the English proper word Oneida. The stone itself is a boulder of syenite, evidently

of the erratic kind, as no rock of the same formation can be found nearer than the Adirondaes. But this is a phenomenon very common all over the actual State of New York. At a later period, they removed in a body farther down the Oneida stream, to a place called since the Oneida Castle, but by them known under the name of *Kunawaloo*. They were there when, in 1609, the Dutch discovered and sailed up the *Kohatalea*, or Hudson river. On account of all these particularities of their traditions, the other members of the Iroquois confederacy called them "the Younger Brother."

The Tuscaroras, however, differed in this from the other Iroquois tribes that they did not believe the Oneidas to have been an off-shoot of the Onondagas, but thought they were as ancient as the other tribes, and that thus the name "Younger Brother" could not be applied to them. From the first contest of the American colonies against England, the Oneidas sided with the revolutionists, or Americans, and remained faithful to them, even during the darkest period of the war, until the final triumph. They even induced a part of the Tuscaroras, whom they had been mostly instrumental in bringing back from the south, to take also the American side. All the other Iroquois fought constantly in the English armies; but at the end of the war the Mohawks followed the English Tories to Canada, where they settled permanently.

Long before this, however, the Oneidas had distinguished themselves in war. But it was principally in the south, against the Oyada, or Cherokees, that they did so. For, as usual with all these ferocious Indians, they marched south, in single files as far as they met with success and plunder. It was in one of these expeditions that they fell upon the Tuscaroras, their former brethren, who had been for a long time engaged in desperate conflicts with the Catawbias, the Cherokees, and Mobilian nations farther south. They thus brought back to the north the Tuscaroras, whom they placed on their western confines, between themselves and the Onondagas.

The last-named tribe comes next to be examined. It occupied the centre of the Iroquois *Long House*, having the Oneidas and Mohawks at the east, and the Cayugas and Senecas at the west. On this account Onondaga, their chief village, was from the remotest time the seat of the general government of the whole Iroquois nation. Their traditions even supposed that in their primitive migration, when the whole Iroquois people came from

the south-west, they remained united together until they arrived on the banks of what was called afterwards by the English Oswego river, at a point called now Three River Junction. There they separated; a part of the whole army of people "went up the Seneca river, who, subsequently dividing, formed the Cayugas and Senecas. The bands who took the eastern fork, or Oneida river, pushed forward over the Rome summit into the first large stream, which is the Mohawk river and became the Mohawks. The central, or Onondaga fork, now called the Oswego, was chosen by the portion who, from the hill country they first located in, took this name Onondagas, and from them the Oneidas, pursuing in fact the track of the Mohawks, were an off-shoot." This is the statement of Schoolcraft; and taking into consideration the tradition of those tribes, there is a great probability for it.

It is then they formed that confederacy or league, which was yet faithfully adhered to by them when the Europeans arrived. The traditions of all the tribes speak of a great personage, called *Atotarho*, who gave them the chief articles of that league. He was then living in retirement, and inspired universal dread by the surroundings of his solitude. Several Mohawks were sent to him as ambassadors, who found him, says Schoolcraft, "composedly sitting in a swamp, smoking his pipe, and rendered completely invulnerable by living serpents. . . . Him, when they had duly approached with presents, and burned tobacco in friendship by way of frankincense, they placed at the head of their league as its presiding officer."

These Indian traditions, of which the book of Schoolcraft is full, may excite the smile of the reader, as the traditions of the ancient Romans, kept faithfully in the great work of Livy, have become a jest for many modern critics. But we do not share, in recounting them, in that unseemly hilarity. The traditions of primitive peoples are always respectable; they often contain the truth, although covered with the veil of a myth, and at any rate, as they suppose the intervention of some supernatural agent, they become a firm foundation for the fundamental institutions of nations. Had not the Iroquois believed in *Atotarho* and his "living serpents," their league would probably have been entirely forgotten by them when the Dutch penetrated into their country. Henceforth, however, the Onondagas had the right of furnishing a presiding officer for the league, and it is said that the thirteenth *Atotarho* reigned at

Onondaga, when America was discovered. The office of war captain, in general expeditions, belonged, they say, to the Mohawks.

The history of the *Cayuga* tribe, settled immediately west of the Onondagas, is entirely void of any prominent events, though several of their war captains obtained a great renown by their bravery. The beautiful lake around which they lived, was separated from that of the Senecas, by a range of forest, little more than sixteen miles broad. Yet, in spite of the almost unconquerable inclination of the red Indian for plunder, scarcely any quarrel ever occurred between these two tribes, who always lived on the most intimate terms. This fact alone would prove that peace might have been possible among the American native races if some powerful institution, like that of the Christian religion, had been firmly established among them. As it was, the largest tracts of wild and uncultivated territory, stretching between nation and nation, proved often ineffectual in preventing fearful wars between them. Still the Cayugas and Senecas lived constantly at peace together, though only sixteen miles intervened between the two lakes which bore their names. And the cause of that remarkable harmony between them was only that they had sworn to observe the articles of agreement dictated by Atotarho. The reader can draw the consequence.

The *Senecas* never gave themselves that name, which must have originated with their European neighbours. *Nundowaga* or People of the Hill, was the appellation they acknowledged as their own. This was derived from a tradition whose meaning can scarcely be found out, although Schoolcraft attempts an interpretation of it. This tribe, always the most numerous and powerful of the Iroquois confederacy, settled round Seneca lake, and east of the Genesee river. It is one of the most fertile tracts of the state of New York. At the mouth of the Genesee they were on the shores of the great Ontario lake, and, as previously stated, at the western gate of the celebrated Long House, which they were to guard on that side from intruders, that is, from all foreign tribes. With the Mohawks they contributed most to the glory of the nation, as they were more able than any other member of the confederacy to send numerous troops on their most distant expeditions. Many of their war captains became celebrated, and in our days, Red Jacket, as he was called, obtained, chiefly by his eloquence, a reputation which extended over the whole continent of North America.

Since the Americans of the United States have surrounded the Senecas, and reduced their territory to four large reservations, they continue to live in the State of New York, and have adopted all the customs of the civilized people. In the census returns of 1845, in which Schoolcraft took a prominent part, the Senecas numbered yet 2,441 souls. The remaining members of the former confederacy within the State aggregated 1,292 souls. Thus all the Iroquois still living along the Mohawk river and this side of the St. Lawrence, amounted to 3,733 persons. This being the case, after all the wars of the last century, after the migration of all the Mohawks, and a part of the Tuscaroras, to Canada, and the partial transfer of many Cayugas, Oneidas, and even Senecas to other States and to the west, the reader will easily conclude that a century and a half ago, when the Iroquois league was in a high state of prosperity, the total number of the five nations, exclusive of the Tuscaroras, who had not yet come back to live with their former brethren, must have amounted to many thousand souls, although it is impossible at this time to state the exact number. Some writers, however, reduce it to fourteen thousand.

These details on the Iroquois confederacy must be immediately followed by a short description of the tribes allied to the Hurons. This will require but a few paragraphs. There was not among them any strict agreement, as was the case for the *five nations*; yet the Hurons could generally rely on the help of these friends when they were attacked.

(1) The Tionontates, who were called by the French *Petuns*, on account of the splendid tobacco fields which they cultivated all along the southern coast of Lake Ontario, between the Genesee river and the Niagara Falls, were near neighbours of the Senecas, whose villages, as we have seen, lay on the east side of the Genesee. Generally in the conflicts between the Hurons and the Iroquois they took the side of the first, with whom, probably, they were allied by blood, and from whom they were separated by the whole breadth of the lake, and by a considerable stretch of territory, as far north as Georgian Bay.

(2) The Attiwanduronk, called the *Neutral Nation* by the French, lived on both sides of the Niagara river, and travelled often in their hunting expeditions, through the territory of the Tionontates as far as the Senecas, with whom they remained on good terms, in spite of their friendly feelings for the Hurons. The Iroquois, according to Schoolcraft, called them Adirondaes,

and he says they were an Algonquin tribe. They are supposed by some writers to have preceded the Iroquois in the State of New York. Nothing certain can be said of them except that during the whole period of Catholic Missions they were settled on both sides of the Niagara river, but particularly along the south bank of it between the Lakes Ontario and Erie. The city of Buffalo, consequently, is built on the ground occupied formerly by them. It is in that neighbourhood that Father de la Roche founded the first mission among them, and was so well received that Soharissan, the chief of the nation, adopted him, according to the custom of the red Indians when they wished to bestow the greatest favour on a stranger.

(3) The Eries, or the Cat nation, were probably settled along the southern shore of the lake of the same name, although Schoolcraft is quite undecided, and seems inclined to place them farther south. The old French maps, made by the first Catholic missionaries, locate them in the present state of Ohio, south of Lake Erie. As they were nearly annihilated by the Iroquois toward the year 1653, and the first special notices that were written of them were not set on paper for more than thirty years afterwards, all we know of them depends on tradition, which is in general scarcely reliable when confined to one or two tribes.

An old Alleghany chief, called in English Black Snake, is said, according to Schoolcraft, to have denied the story of their destruction. He pretended that it was a mere fanciful romance, and asserted positively that the Eries had only fled south and disappeared. The French tradition is far preferable to this report of the old chief.

In all those recitals the tribes allied to the Hurons are likewise represented as allied to the Iroquois; and there is no contradiction in this, because both the Iroquois and the Hurons came originally from the same stock. When the Hurons had to leave the coast of Georgian Bay, the Neutral nation and the Petuns were nearly annihilated by the ferocious Iroquois, as is recounted in detail in the *Jesuit Relation* for 1651. Thus the Hurons and their allies perished together. It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that the powerful Wyandot race had no other allies than those just enumerated. All the Algonquin tribes were in fact on their side, together with the French themselves; and this consideration is sufficient to give the highest idea of the Iroquois' courage and skill.

To form a just estimate of the whole case, it must be remembered that the Hurons, or Wyandots, were extensive traders all over the north. On their small peninsula on Georgian Bay, they had on the north and west sides the vast region which has now for three hundred years furnished Europe with furs, perhaps to a greater extent than Siberia itself. The immense transactions of the Hudson Bay Company in modern times had not yet commenced. Before the Europeans arrived in the country the commerce of furs in America was of course very limited; yet as most American tribes were fond of rich dresses, they needed the skins of those innumerable animals roaming over the wilderness of the north. The Hurons procured them either by hunting, or by purchase from the more remote nations of the north-west. They transported them afterwards in their boats to the east, as far as Hochelaga, or Montreal, and the place called now Three Rivers, midway between the actual cities of Montreal and Quebec. When the French arrived, they saw the importance of that commerce for Europe, and there was consequently an immense increase of transactions. Every year the Wyandots came from their native country on Lake Huron, and often the French saw two hundred of their boats arriving at Three Rivers or Quebec loaded with the most precious furs, which they obtained by exchanging them for trinkets first, and afterwards for gunpowder or brandy.

This was the true origin of the friendship existing at all times between the Hurons and the Algonquins, which naturally brought on their subsequent intimacy with the French. Commerce was thus the great pursuit of the Hurons, as war was that of the Iroquois. How this league of the six nations could be able to destroy such an array of enemies as were enlisted on the Wyandot side would be a puzzle, if the way of carrying on war among these savages were not taken into consideration. This will be the subject of a future inquiry. It suffices here to mention that the French themselves were unable to prevent the destruction of their friends, on account of the distance of three hundred leagues which separated them from Georgian Bay, whilst the Iroquois had only to cross the St. Lawrence or Lake Ontario to be directly in the neighbourhood of their prey.

The next paper will, in pursuance of the plan proposed, be devoted to a brief review of the Algonquin tribes.

A. T.

Highways and Byways.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENGADINE.

AN idle day at Bormio is pleasantly spent in a leisurely stroll through the adjacent villages and among the busy harvesters, who have left the former empty, and by their absence given them a still more desolate look. Not indeed that that was needed, so woe-begone are the houses, and so ruined and unused appear the churches. But we bear in mind that we are in Italy, where desolation is a normal condition, though, indeed, it is oftener an appearance than a reality. The size and heaviness of the houses, necessitated by the heat, the deeply-recessed and cavernous entrances, the absence of glass from the gaunt windows, all combine to give a deserted look to places which, when work is over and the coolness of evening has come, are perhaps cheerful enough. The snowy mountains are near enough to give an Alpine character to the scene, but the languor of the south is upon the spot, and our wanderings are limited indeed in their extent and energy.

The next day we start on our way down the Valteline, which is indeed the valley of the Adda. The river pursues its course until it pours out its waters into the Lake of Como at the Lecco end. How many pleasant pictures arise before our mind as we follow in imagination our companion river to that beautiful lake. Years have passed since we sailed upon its waters, and found a pleasant resting-place at Bellaggio; and now we are once again within a few hours of that enchanting spot. Shall we go on? The heat which makes our well-sheltered banquette almost intolerable, and forces us to shut out the scenery through which we are passing, that we may not be roasted alive, gives an emphatic negative to the question, and we resolve to turn off at Tirano for the cool Grisons.

Our route is downward from the mountain to the valley, from the "freddo paese" to the scorching plains of Lombardy.

Mulberries and chestnuts skirt our road, and the glorious vines clothe in rich green the village-crowned hills; and over all blazes an August sun, which seems to boil the grapes into liquid fire, and to penetrate the broad leaves which hang around. There is a fierce beauty in the scene which is thoroughly Italian, and a thing altogether apart from what summer brings us at home. So at Tirano we leave the Valteline, after a run of some thirty miles, and branch off in another smaller diligence for Le Prese. Our road now is a narrow and rocky ravine, a mere opening in the mountains, which shut in on our right the Valteline, and though Le Prese is not above eleven miles from Tirano, it is a slow and sharp climb. So we walk much of the way. The mountain air is already upon us, and the road is fairly sheltered from the afternoon sun. The climb is crowned by a small village which stands at the southern extremity of the very pretty lake of Poschiavo. For two miles the road skirts the western shore, and at the upper extremity, upon the edge of the lake, and commanding its pleasing scenery, stands our immediate destination, Le Prese: an excellent hotel, with a small village attached, for in truth the hotel is everything, and the village is nought. Comfortable and luxurious quarters are these; not much frequented by hurrying tourists, but known and appreciated by quiet and sensible people, who come year after year, and stay week after week. How cool and gleamy is the spot, made doubly so by the glare and heat of the morning. It will be cooler and pleasanter soon, an experienced authority said, for the evening breeze will come at its regular hour. And sure enough at the stated time the rippling of the surface of the lake showed the approach of the pleasant breeze, and up it came, full of quiet life, the bearer of health and strength to those who awaited it at Le Prese. But we are only birds of passage, so on the next evening we drive over to Poschiavo, to be in good time for the diligence which starts thence early in the morning for Pontresina. Our drive is a short one. Three miles of level road carry us along the banks of the bright Poschiavino, which empties itself into the lake at Le Prese. To-morrow we shall trace it upward to its mountain home in the Bernina. People here are early risers, and so we have time enough for a comfortable breakfast, and yet find ourselves starting on the diligence at four a.m. After all, our journey over the Bernina Pass takes only six hours, and we find ourselves in Pontresina

at ten in the morning. So it seems we started thus early for the convenience of those who were hurrying further on, and who treated Pontresina worse than we had treated Le Prese. The Bernina Pass is wild and rugged; grand, of course, as all such heights must be, but it has few, if any, of those striking features which characterize the best known passes. Its summit rises to seven thousand six hundred feet, but at Poschiavo we are already nearly half way up, for we have been climbing ever since we left Tirano, which itself stands fifteen hundred feet above sea level; and when we descend on the other side to Pontresina we have to go down but little more than sixteen hundred feet, for this fashionable mountain home is nearly six thousand feet high. So after all the Bernina Pass is an insignificant climb, and has little to recommend it but the fact that it is the nearest route for us into the Engadine.

But what is this Engadine of which one hears so much, and which during the last few years has become so fashionable? The upper Engadine, which is here meant, is a valley some fifty-seven miles long, running from south-west to north-east, through a portion of the canton Grisons (Graubünden), and is watered by the Inn, as its name implies in the Romansch of which the Ladin spoken in the Engadine is a dialect. But its especial charm is that it stands so high, or perhaps, seeing that it is a valley, we ought rather to say, it lies so high. Its lowest point is upwards of three thousand feet, its highest nearer to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. A guide-book says: "Its atmosphere is ungenial and severe, it having nine months of winter and three of cold weather; and yet," adds the puzzled writer, "in no other valley among the Alps do we find such large and populous villages." And yet, he might add, and probably would do so were he now writing, it is the most fashionable and crowded valley in Switzerland; and yet—for there is something to come more puzzling still—it is the favourite winter residence of the delicate invalid. The simple explanation is, that the air is remarkable for its purity and bracing qualities. It is cool when the rest of Europe is hot, and it is dry when other places are damp. So those who would fly from heat in summer and from damp in winter come hither and enjoy themselves.

To read, amid the stifling heat of the Valteline, of such a place this unusually hot and bright summer, was almost enough to cool one; certainly quite enough to make one turn

off at Tirano and climb the stern and grim heights of the Bernina Pass; and when those heights are scaled, and the enormous glaciers which skirt their sides and hang pendant among the precipices, reveal themselves, the cooling and bracing influence of the Engadine comes over us, and we resolve to stay our too hasty steps, and to bury ourselves for a time in these ice-houses, and bring down our temperature from the late normal boiling point. So we rattle down in excellent humour into the cheerful little village of Pontresina. There is no lack of accommodation in the place, one would suppose, for it consists principally of large hotels; but we know better, for terrible tales have already reached us of hay-lofts being at a premium, and garrets beyond money purchase. However, we have in our pocket a telegraphic promise of some kind of rooms from the excellent and obliging hostess of the Krone, and we present ourselves with but a shadow of misgivings. We are but an item in a crowd of clamorous tourists, who, like beggars at a convent gate, are urgent in their appeals for help, and loud in their individual claims. The young hostess has a kind word for all—indeed, for some she has nothing else to give; but we are among the fortunate few, and march off in triumph under an escort of porters to as pleasant and bright a room in a neighbouring cottage as one could desire. Two of our windows look out upon the Morteratsch Glacier, one of the chief lions of the place, while another commands a field which for grandeur and boldness is altogether unlike anything of the kind we have companioned with before. Grandeur and boldness are somewhat unusual terms to apply to a field, it is true, but not to our field. It is a plain and orderly field enough where it joins our garden; but let any one try to cross it to the further side, and unless he is a fair climber he will not achieve it, and if he does, he must give at least half an hour's good climbing to the work. In short, it rises in regular terraces, with high and almost perpendicular sides, one above the other, and from the uppermost a grand view over Pontresina, with its alps and glaciers, is obtained. So we have rich and varied views from our windows of which we avail ourselves under all lights; and those who know glaciers will appreciate this privilege of watching them at our ease at all hours and in all seasons. For though our stay was limited to little more than a week, we had all the seasons of the year liberally supplied, and certainly with a vast preponderance of winter. Blankets are essential

where snowstorms are not unusual; but somehow the clouds which usually bring the latter, and remain after they have discharged their load, are altogether dispensed with in the Engadine, the snow seems to come down without any previous warning from the clear blue sky, and even at night the grand and brilliant stars wink rather than twinkle at us between the falling flakes of snow. And so when we come home, shake off the snow, and take to our blankets, we think of dear friends sweltering in less pleasant spots, and wish them up here in the regions of light and cold.

But Pontresina does not encourage, though it tolerates, lounging at windows and wrapping in blankets; it has all the life and bustle of Chamouny on what is there the rarity of a fine day, and so any and every morning we find crowds of tourists, guides, mules, and rough mountain cars filling the one narrow street which itself is Pontresina, in all the noise and confusion that seem essential to intending excursionists.

Our first afternoon ramble is towards our opposite neighbour, the Morteratsch Glacier, whom we had already overlooked in our rapid descent from the Bernina, and glanced at from our own pleasant windows. Our visit is not one of ceremony, for we have no suite of guides and mules, and so perhaps our friend stands off and makes himself distant; anyhow, we find the way longer than we expected, and have to return, to prevent being benighted, with what we might call merely leaving our cards. However, it is a very pleasant stroll along the banks of the Flatzbach, which flows down from the grand glacier, and is our best and only guide to the desired point of view.

We quit the dusty road, and wander through the bright meadows, pausing a while at the beautiful cascade which hurls itself headlong into our path from the Languard Valley, high above; for of course there are upper as well as lower valleys here. But the falls of the Flatzbach prove an irresistible attraction, and we turn aside from our way to the glacier, and enjoy from many and varied points of view this beautiful cascade. There is much to remind one of the Torc Waterfall at Killarney, though this of course is on a larger scale, and has the Swiss advantage of being in grandest force in the summer, as glacier-fed streams must ever be. We linger so long at this pleasant spot, that we leave ourselves but little time for the grand glacier which has forced itself far down the

valley, and has its outposts of moraine almost in sight of the waterfall. Here is a pretty valley, more especially pretty through its contrast with the rough moraine of barren desolation which divides it from the glacier, and which threatens to overwhelm it in its onward march towards Pontresina ; and here, with true Swiss thoughtfulness, stands an inviting ch  let, where the traveller may rest and refresh himself, and settle the important question whether he will advance or retire. The lateness of the hour settles the question for us ; but the next day, when we return to the ch  let, the word is, "Advance!"

A winding and somewhat steep path leads us through a cedar forest, and in less than an hour we attain the Morteratsch Alp, and from it have an excellent view over the six miles of frozen cataracts which roll grandly down from the home in the Piz Bernina, one of a noble group of snowy mountains from which flow this and the other great glacier, the Roseg, which are the especial glories of Pontresina. Near neighbours are they to the little village, and proud are the villagers, and glad that they have such lions to show. Quiet lions are they, and very approachable in their lairs in the adjacent valleys, and yet one cannot but fear lest some day their gentle demeanour may change, and they approach in lion's wildness, and ravage this fashionable place. They have pushed on their moraines far into the narrow valleys, and somehow these grim instruments of desolation have much the look of outposts of an enemy's camp, and should they move on, their power, due to height and magnitude, must be immense. But apart from these gloomy forebodings, the glaciers are a treasure and a spell to Pontresina, bringing hosts of travellers, and keeping them long beyond travellers' wont in the quaint little Alpine village.

Another day we devote to the Roseg Glacier, and make a closer acquaintance with it than we have made with the Morteratsch. Then we contented ourselves with climbing the cliffs that overhang the stream, and looking around and down upon it. Now we face and scale the moraine, and find ourselves fairly afloat upon the frozen waters. The former plan gave, of course, the better general view, a wider panorama lay stretched before and beneath us ; but at best it was but a distant view, and seemed more like a picture of a grand glacier than the reality itself. Now the view is more limited, but almost every slippery step reveals something new, and we feel our advance, if slow, is sure. And yet in one sense our steps

are anything but sure ; for the ice is smooth beyond its wont, and our way is up a steep incline. Moreover, we have not been rough-shod for the work, and our unpractised limbs rebel against the unusual motion. Muscles long dormant are called suddenly into play, and show themselves very sulky and unwilling to respond to the unexpected call. So after a moderate climb, and a much more rapid descent, we find ourselves in a comfortable little chalet, awaiting the return of our more venturesome companions, who, nothing daunted by the hard work before them, and the threatening appearance of clouds which are rolling upwards and inwards, persevere in their attack upon the glacier, and penetrate far beyond our modest advance, as far as the Agagliouls Alp. Our prudence is rewarded, and their daring punished, as too often happens in the world ; for while we are refreshing our inner man, and resting our overwrought muscles, down comes the rain with a will, seemingly intent upon washing forward the glacier itself, and extemporizing rivers and cascades, as though in honour of the coming guest.

The return to Pontresina through the forest is a very different thing from the early morning walk. If the first had all the glow of life and spirits which marks a march out, the return had very much the aspect of a retreat through an enemy's country. The storm had washed away much of what in these parts is considered a country road ; and where it had not carried it off bodily, it had drowned and left it cumbering the way. We had strolled pleasantly over the grass under the Alpine cedars or Siberian pines, which are common enough up here, though little known in other parts of Switzerland, and we had stretched ourselves at our ease in shady spots, and laughed in wonder at the rude springless carts in which tourists tormented themselves on this rustic road ; but now, on the return, we are glad to accept a front seat in one of these despised vehicles, and jolt along over the poor and mutilated remains of a road which must be kept to, unless we would risk shipwreck in the flooded roadside. If our ribs triumphed over the sufferings of our feet and legs in the glacier climb, the latter have their revenge now ; for the strong cart is as rude and ill-mannerly as it is strong ; it digs its wooden fingers into our sides, shakes us with a rough kind of vehicular horse-play, and jolts us with a vehemence which is out of all proportion to its size. The little horse that draws the no inconsiderable

load of humanity seems to have some sense of humour in it, and rattles along as though adapting itself to the spirit of the storm and the raging waters, and finds in every fresh impediment a new impetus to urge on its wild career.

The adventures of the day taught us that the Engadine has its repulsions as well as its attractions; that if it is cool when every other place is hot, it has its storms of rain and snow, which bring the discomforts of winter as well as its temperature. If it stands higher than Tirol in one respect, it is far below it in another. Hitherto we have been in the midst of Catholics, and have had to take no thought for the morrow in the matter of Mass, being sure to find in every village the church and the holiest rites; so when we come to the Krone, on Sunday morning, we ask in which of the two churches in the place we can hear Mass. One is pointed out, and the hour mentioned, so in due time we walk across and enter it, to see two Protestant clergymen celebrating the Anglican Communion Service! It seems that the High Church party are in great force here, and have obtained the parish church for their exclusive use; and we, being English, were supposed to be of that order, and so the word Mass did not suffice to undeceive them.

Our next attempt is made upon a church up the hill, but that we find closed and locked, and we need scarcely be told that it is for the local Protestantism. Then we discover that Mass is not to be had nearer than St. Moritz; so off we start in a fluster, for it is a walk of an hour and a half. Yet in spite of our haste, and the uncertainty as to the way and the time for Mass, we could not but enjoy the walk, which we had to repeat a few days after, on the Feast of the Assumption. It is a walk through fields and forest, with open glades and a couple of lakes; and all these beauties intensified by the bright fresh air and the wild irregularity of the way, which rises and falls with the abruptness in which great heights delight. First the descent from Pontresina is almost too steep for walking; it is a slope, or rather a tumble down, to the river which here shows itself in the ordinary way, after cutting a deep trench for itself behind the village, and hiding itself far down below the bridge which there spans it. Then the opposite bank rises still more abruptly, a veritable staircase, which lands one at once in the cedar forest. Onward and upwards the path winds, for there is of course no carriage-road of any kind in

this direction. Then the forest thins out, and opens into grassy glades, and of course, just where it ought to be, lies the pretty lake of Statz. Then comes a choice of paths, one winding up and round a bold well-wooded promontory, and the other continuing along the glade, but both in time ending at the same beautiful spot, the margin of the Lake of St. Moritz. There is a good modern church, and a community of Missionary Priests here, and excellent congregations for all the functions. Let us hope that before long they will be able to establish a mission at Pontresina; but if a long walk must be taken to church, few who have health and strength would wish it to be in any other direction than the pleasant path between St. Moritz and Pontresina.

A pleasant Sunday we spent at this beautiful lake. The waters flow in at the upper end from a series of lakes which we are to see on our departing journey, they do not enjoy the name of a river until they have fallen over a grand cascade at the lower end of the Lake of St. Moritz, but then, when they abandon their youthful meanderings, and flow on with all the dignity of a new responsible life, they become the Inn, and give this region its distinctive title of Engadine.

The bright sparkling lake, like many a precious gem, owes much of its effective beauty to its setting. The shore rises abruptly on one side, and then gradually dies down to the level of the lake at the upper end. The town itself climbs up these heights, and very pretty are the groups which its irregular buildings form, cutting sharp against the clear sky above, and reflecting themselves in the as clear waters below. The upper end is flat and uninteresting in itself, but art has supplied what nature has denied; for here the celebrated baths and their usual surroundings—*cursaal*, *curhaus*, large hotels, and well-planted walks, are congregated but not crowded.

The baths are old, for Paracelsus, more than three centuries ago, pronounced them to be "the first of their kind in Europe," and yet the place has the raw, unfinished look of the newest of spas. Perhaps it is because St. Moritz is growing with its popularity, though it can hardly keep pace with it. Be that as it may, people swarm the walks, drives, and rooms, and seem absolutely to enjoy the dust and glare of the unfinished roads and sapling trees, at least if one may judge by the number of open carriages in constant demand. Our guide books tell us that the *Curhaus* is able to accommodate two hundred and fifty

patients, but then our book is eight years old, and now that some more gigantic hotels have been recently opened and the Curhaus itself has grown larger, its numbers must be multiplied far beyond the first two or three hundred. Indeed, we sat down to dinner with more than these at table, and this was only one *table d'hôte* of one house. So St. Moritz is prospering.

The opposite side of the lake is well wooded down to the water's edge, and a pleasant path winds along the shore until it reaches the open glade up which lies our way to Pontresina. Further down, the shore rises abruptly into a wood-crowned height, which overlooks the really fine waterfall, in which the abounding waters are baptized into the Inn. The lake is the great attraction, yet the lovers of the picturesque will find many a quaint picture in the narrow, irregular, up-and-down street of the grim old town. For with all its modern innovations of staring hotels and broad promenades, St. Moritz itself is old and grim. All the more so, perhaps, because of these modern surroundings: yet chiefly because it is perched up here high in these highest of Swiss highlands. There is a sharpness of feature and a hard weather-beaten look ever in the earth's high places, which people, houses, and landscape have in common: yet is it something very different from what hard-heartedness marks in many faces: perhaps it is strength rather than hardness: tokens of a vigour which can rough it, and of a self-respect which grows of patient endurance, which covers and keeps warm a true heart within.

A pleasant afternoon is spent on another day in climbing the heights which overhang Pontresina, and under which it nestles. Our field on its further side is a kind of spur to this height, and indeed, on our way back we made by it a short cut home. Our field and home seem perhaps strong terms to apply to a residence of a week in a strange place: but somehow these mountain valleys attach themselves to those who stay among them even for so short a time. It is not so with cities or large watering-places, where one is lost in a crowd, and where no one seems to care when you come or go. Here one is an item in a calculable account: you are looked for at your coming, and in some measure missed when you go away. The solitude of the spot, its silent nights, its great height, its bright gleaming sky, and its snowy mantle, all combine to bring together in one the several members of what seems like one family; and when, as with us, your dwelling stands apart amid its own surroundings,

and you are one of a smaller household, the feeling of home comes strangely over you, and leaves its mark long after you have gone away. The path is clearly enough defined when once you are on it, and upwards it winds through a forest of larch and amid Alpine cedars; short cuts are there for the impatient, and long zigzags for the steady goers, but all in due time obtain a height which well repays for any after-dinner exertions. The path abruptly finishes on the edge of a broad terrace, which commands a far steeper descent than that which the path indicated: it is not the summit of the heights, for these rise still far above in rugged and grim desolation, but the view is here, and those who climbed higher gained but little additions to anything but the fatigue. But the terrace runs along and partially round the bold headland, and so the view can be varied and enjoyed from many a point. Grand indeed is the scene, for much of the glory of the Engadine is here laid out like a panorama.

Under our feet lies Pontresina, shrunk to such little measure that it is a mere speck, or a geometrical line, without breadth and thickness: before us a line of silver through the bright green glades and at times peeping out from the cedars around is the path, now familiar, which leads to Catholicity and St. Moritz. Just a glimpse of the pretty lake, too, may be caught, as the sun's rays turn it into molten gold. There, too, are the narrow valleys which branching from Pontresina lead up to the great glaciers, the Morteratsch and the Roseg: just lead up to them and then come to an end, as though their work was therein done and nothing more remained; and so perhaps it is, a double work, now to lead Pontresina and its visitors to the glaciers and hereafter to bring the glaciers down upon the ill-fated place, and to sweep, as such have so often done, the work of man out of the path of nature. And now the eye can travel where the foot failed, and sweeps over the broad and steep glaciers to their home among the Piz—in Tirol the kindred word was Spitze—when the snowy Bernina and Roseg combine with less familiar heights to form that grand range which is the crowning glory of the Engadine.

But what recreation ground, it may be asked, is there at Pontresina for those who are not given to mountain climbing and glacier expeditions? In truth we had almost forgotten the pleasant walks which have been formed in all directions through the woods which skirt the further side of the little river.

Indeed, the river itself does much to render romantic in a pleasant and easy way this very pretty forest. It seems to say to the weak and the idle, if you will not climb to mountain heights, I will dig down into the earth and so construct ravines and steep precipices beneath your feet; and so when you cross the level bridge from the adjacent meadow you look with no small surprise at the great depth below, and the fierce little stream roaring and surging far down and resounding between its perpendicular walls. At places these walls are broken, and then winding paths lead gently down amid the gloom which forms a pleasant contrast with the green shades above and the bright sun over all.

Perhaps no spot is more frequented than this pleasant forest scene, and certainly the amount of reading, sketching, and flirting that goes on in these sylvan glades makes it a veritable Arcadia with no lack of shepherds and shepherdesses.

One of the many puzzles of Pontresina is to realize its height. When we climb, or even rail up, to the Rigi Kulm we are conscious that we are very many feet above the Lake of Lucerne. Stage by stage we ascend and measure our distances by height and by length, and when we attain the summit we are not at all surprised when we are told that we are 4,468 feet above the lake and 5,905 above the level of the sea: but it is hard to believe that in the valley of Pontresina we are absolutely a few feet higher than we were at the Rigi Kulm: for here we are at the bottom and not on the top of the mountains, which close us in on all sides and absolutely look down upon us. Were it not for the eccentric little Flatzbach which, as we have seen, has cut a deep channel for itself, and so made a descent to its waters, we should literally be obliged to go up hill in every direction. In truth we can look down upon nothing but the little river, which, perhaps for that reason, buries itself under ground; and one seems to feel that one cannot under such circumstances be really high up. After all, everything is perhaps what it is, not absolutely in itself, but by comparison with others; and so our dignity suffers here because there are greater heights about and above us, and we, like many other people in the world, are minnows among the tritons at Pontresina, if we are tritons among the minnows at the Rigi.

So if the lie of the country seems to give the lie to the story of its height, we must look to some other mark which is not so likely to mislead us: and here is an unmistakeable token of our

great elevation. For not only high up its mountain sides, but down here in our valley, are forests of fir, pine, or cedar (for all three names are given to the same trees, the *pinus cembra*). Here it reigns supreme, and here alone in Switzerland can it be found in plenty. Now this is the only forest tree which can grow at this height. It is sometimes called the Siberian Pine, from that district of evil name, where it attains a height of one hundred and twenty feet.

But of course this unmistakeable token is only such to those who know the tree and its characteristics; it may be easily enough mistaken for an ordinary pine, and then indeed it is but another misleader.

Another token which can hardly be mistaken, is the utter absence of cereal crops. The plains are nearly treeless, the fields are meadows, simply because nothing but grass will grow to maturity at this elevation.

But these vast slopes of mountain side, covered with grass, bring a strange population into the land, which certainly adds much to its picturesque appearance.

Vast herds of sheep—it is calculated to amount to forty thousand—are yearly driven over the frontier from Italy: half-starved they come here in June, and well-fed they leave in the end of August (which is the only non-winter season here), with long shaggy coats of wool, which find a ready market among the manufacturers of Bergamo.

But the shepherds are more interesting than the sheep, at least from an artistic point of view, and fine fellows they indeed are. Their high peaked Calabrian hats crown without concealing long flowing locks, while their simple white or brown woollen cloaks are worn with a dignity which is in keeping with the head-dress. Simple in their habits and spare, with Italian sparceness, in their diet of polenta and cheese, they are described as being rough, freespoken, honest, and trustworthy. But the hay which is not thus devoured by Italian sheep is harvested by strangers. The mowers are brought over in great numbers, as day labourers, from the adjacent Tirol or Valtelina, and like harvestmen nearer home, return when the season is over with the spoils of their richer neighbours to eke out their otherwise scanty means. But, we naturally ask, where are the inhabitants themselves who thus trust to foreigners for the work which is properly their own? The answer we received is curious and is so generally the same that it in all probability is the true one.

The people emigrate when they are young, not to Australia or America, but to all parts of Europe, where they exercise their skill in a way which finds no place at home. They become sugar bakers, confectioners, chocolate manufacturers, and coffee-house keepers: and when they have made enough to retire upon, they return to the Engadine and settle down to a comfortable easy life: not attempting amateur farming, which is the craze of so many retired tradesmen, but calling in the Bergamasque shepherds with their flocks to carry off the grass, or the Tirolese to store it for the large contractors.

This accounts for the comfortable look of the villages, as well as for their number and large population. The houses at Samâden especially are large and highly adorned, though somewhat in the confectionary style. Many of them are of great dimensions, which indeed is necessitated by the severity of the greater part of the year, when the cattle must be housed. For it must be understood that the harvest of hay which is disposed of, is that produced by the higher mountain slopes: the (comparative) lowlands provide for the local cattle.

One more peculiarity of the Engadine must be mentioned, which indeed applies to the whole canton of Grisons, Graubünden, or Grischun, and which is illustrated by this variety of name for the same place. It has a language of its own of great antiquity, derived from the rustic Latin which the Roman Empire introduced. It has two forms or dialects, which yet do not differ enough to prevent a common language being used in their local laws and provincial assemblies. In the Engadine it is called *Ladin*, in the valley of Dissentis *Romansch*. All our inquiries could bring to light was that it contained words of almost every tongue. We give a specimen from the *Gasetta Romanscha*, published at Muster (Dissentis): "La societât seconstituïda per bagiar inn viafier sur il simplon ha serran giu in accord cun ina compagnia inglêsa per construir sur il culm ina provisorica vinfier suenter il sistem de Fell entochen ch'il tunnel ei furrans entras il culm. Las aczias dellas viasfer dil nord-ost e della Svizzera centrala, che vevan rivou schi splendid curs ein ussa curdadas giu sin 290-300 fr.!"

More than half the inhabitants of the canton use this tongue, but the German is trying in the schools to supersede it, so the people generally speak both languages.

It leads to some confusion as to the names of places, which this newspaper illustrates. It is published at Dissentis, but the

Romansch name, which is alone given, is Muster. We were informed that the editor is a learned professor in the grand old monastery (hence Muster), which is now the school of the canton: he is evidently no champion of the infidel movement, concluding as he does his leader thus: "Quei razioni de Vogt ei tut pli fondari che las tesas anticristianas de Ritschard."

But we must hasten homewards, and bring our present series of papers to an end. Our route will lie over highways, for it will cross a half-dozen mountain passes, and yet some of them are so narrow and buried in such deep defiles that they will be veritable byways too. So a bright sunny morning sees us taking a kind farewell of Pontresina, and our obliging hostess of the Krone, and away we rattle in a light carriage to Samâden, which, being the capital of the upper Engadine, enjoys the privilege of being the starting point for the diligence which is to carry us over the Julier and Schyn passes into the very heart of the Splügen. Samâden is the home of the Plantas as it was once of the Salis; and if our readers are not much impressed by this piece of information, they had better not confess their ignorance of these two great families, at least in the Engadine. Anyhow, there are one or two fine houses here, which mark its distinction and give a dignity to the place. Here we are upon the Inn, which flows through a long and broad valley into Tirol and Innsbruck. But our road lies up and not down this valley, and away we drive not in the lumbering diligence, but in a pleasant open carriage which seems to have grown out of the tail of the long vehicle.

It is a stiff pull from Samâden to St. Moritz, and gives us not only a good view of the scenery, but a correct idea as to the height of the forest through which we had more than once walked from Pontresina hither, and from which we used to descend upon the pleasant watering-place. But climbing is the order of the day, and on we go through Campfer, where the street is so steep that the diligence has to be locked and blocked to keep it from running back to St. Moritz; and now we are at Silvaplana, in the midst of lakes and meadows, the waters rivalling the plains in greenness, as though they repaid themselves for their gift of life with the bright colour which that life bestowed. And here the real climb of the first, the Julier Pass, begins abruptly enough. Terrace above terrace, with sharp angular turns: up we go. How beautiful is the scene below! how grim and stern the overhanging mountains into whose heart

we are working our way! The miles we have travelled unroll themselves beneath our eyes, like a folded map we have used and laid aside, and which we once more turn to consult. There flows the, as yet, insignificant Inn, winding its infant and childish way through the Silver Plane, and threading upon its gay string the little bright daisy lakes, twisting and turning on its course in the very waywardness of happy childhood, as though loath to leave its happy home for the fierce cataracts and the gloomy mountain fastnesses which await its more mature course. And so we look with no small interest upon the first uprising of that pleasant river which we have traced through so much of its later course and seen empty itself, life, name, and all, into the more renowned Danube at the bright city of Passau. Higher still and our mountain road shuts off the home scene beneath our feet, and the more distant mountains become our foreground, our old neighbours the Roseg and Morteratsch glaciers rise into view, and my young companion discusses with other mountaineers what he has done among them, while we are silent with a prudent reserve.

At length the summit is reached—seven thousand five hundred feet high is it—and here our road passes between two “nameless columns,” which have given rise to almost as much discussion as their more celebrated brother in the Roman Forum. We are content to believe them to be Roman too, and what but Julius’ Column on the head of the Julier Pass. It seems hardly needful to “go further” back and surely to “fare worse,” by conjuring up a temple of the Sun (Jul) on this bleak cheerless spot. Down we rattle, for the horses, like ourselves, seem weary of the slow pace, and pause awhile at Bivio—Roman again, for it is the Bivium where two passes meet; but down is only comparative, for Bivio is nearly six thousand feet high, and lies in a basin amid gloomy mountains. Not a tree will grow there, and so there is no fuel to warm the wretched inhabitants but such as the Arab uses in the desert. Down once more, and in time we come amidst pine forests and lawns of soft turf: down lower, and yet but to reach the highlands of Oberhalbstein, which, through varied and ever beautiful scenery, bring us in time to the Stein, which gives its name to the district. It is only in such regions as these that such a grand precipice would be called a stone. Along its edge lies our road, and then down its wooded sides to Tiefenkasten, where we leave the direct route to Coire to

investigate the glories and wonders of the Schyn Pass. This Tiefenkasten (castle in the abyss) lies at the junction of the two valleys, and here the waters (the Oberhalbsteiner Rhein) which have come with us from the Julier heights, pour themselves into the nobler river, the Albula, and both work their way through the grand Schyn Pass into another Rhine, which it joins just outside the Via Mala of the Splügen Pass. So now we are in the very heart of the mountains, and a stern fierce heart is this same Tiefenkasten. But the abyss is not the lowest point, for all our way through the Schyn Pass is a rapid descent.

But the grand scenery of the Julier and the more varied and richer charms of the Oberhalbstein are forgotten, or rather cast out of mind, as we enter and traverse the wonderful Schyn Pass. We have had some experience of Swiss passes, and have climbed over almost all the most celebrated ones, but to our mind none can equal in grandeur this we are now crossing. Through the whole ten miles it seems growing in sublimity, and yet its very entrance strikes one as surpassingly grand. Down far below, often lost to sight, rolls the Albula in a fierce torrent, for the pass is very steep and the waters abundant. Half way up hangs our mountain road, clinging to the precipices, at times burying itself in tunnels, and then dashing fiercely, as one does at times over a dangerous and uncertain path, along a projecting shelf where rock way there is none. Down gallop our four horses as though the madness of the road had possessed them, and while we grasp the rail in front and try to cling with our feet to the boards beneath with involuntary muscular action, it seems as though a loud shout would be the outcome of it all, and we show ourselves to be as mad as road and horses. Evening is coming on, and the uncertain light adds a new charm to the scene; the heights above and the depths below grow into vagueness, and we are flying in mid air. Then, again, the abrupt turns of the road, which follow the irregular windings of the mountain precipices, and have no power of choosing their own way and straightening themselves into moderate curves; these destroy all notions of direction and progress, and we seem wildly beating against the rocks and fluttering downwards into the abyss below, like any weak, wounded, and powerless bird. And now the road is altogether lost in gloom, yet on we dash; and then a shudder comes over us as we think, what if we met anything climbing upwards this

narrow way, and what would avail the low parapet which marks without protecting the edge of the precipice.

The lights are glimmering in the depths below as we rattle down the last part of our way into the Splügen Pass. At various levels they glitter and show how steep is still our descent. A sharp turn of the invisible road, the rattle which tells of a bridge, a narrow street partially lighted, and two or three bright hotels show us that our journey is at an end, and that we are in Thusis.

The next morning we devote to the Splügen Pass, or rather the best part of it, the Via Mala, which lies close at hand. Thusis is situated at the end of a valley which we are to traverse this afternoon. At present we content ourselves with looking back upon it ere we pierce the narrow defile, which is so narrow, that were it not for the road which works its way through it, we might pass it unobserved. Indeed, the road from Thusis seems closed in front by lofty mountains, as, in truth, it once was. There is the entrance of the Schyn Pass to the left, and the muddy valley of the Nolla to the right. This latter was for centuries the only way to the upper valley of the Schams. A rough climb it must have been over the mountains which block it up. Then a bold engineer in 1470 made a rough kind of road, which climbed these mountains and dropped down into the middle of the Via Mala; but by the way we are now entering, "there was not an inch of space along which a goat could clamber." So for three hundred years the bold engineer's road, if road it could be called, was the only way. But then a still bolder road-maker, Pocobelli, faced the difficulty, and forced the passage. No more climbing over mountain heights, no more wide and tedious detours; but with the spirit of a nineteenth century railway engineer, he pierced the mountain buttress with a tunnel 216 feet long. *Verlorenes Loch* it is still called, but the old name has lost its significance, for it is no longer "a lost gulf," being brought to light and found once more, so that a diligence may traverse it.

Perhaps we ought to call this strange entrance into the Via Mala a gallery rather than a tunnel, for one side is open over the narrow channel through which the infant Rhine works its way into life and light. So after all, Pocobelli had a predecessor in the Rhine itself, which pierced not only this but many thousand feet of rock in its way from Schams to Thusis. It made its own channel—narrow enough in all conscience for

any river of name; but it took no thought of curious travellers and impatient tourists, and so left its banks, gaunt and perpendicular precipices in places sixteen hundred feet high, and at times not ten yards apart. For more than one thousand feet the road is hollowed out of the hard rock which canopies it over picturesquely enough. Pleasant is the shade which it casts this bright sunny morning; grand is the scene which lies beyond; but grander the cliffs which rise around. Then the way opens out into a circular basin, not very large, but seemingly just enough to accommodate the post house of Rongella. We hasten on, for the heat is excessive, and we seek the narrow defile beyond with its promised shade. The Rhine is there, but were it not for the three bridges which span its circuitous windings, in this part it would hardly be a feature in the scene, for it is so far down below the road. We pause on each bridge, for each has its own peculiar features, and it is hard to say which is the grander and stranger. There stands a strong and and lofty bridge, half masonry, half natural rock, and down two hundred and fifty feet below courses along a mere silver thread of water, over which a child might step, at times lost to sight, being altogether buried beneath the ridges which close over it. The disproportion between the grand and lofty bridge and this tiny stream so far below is ludicrous; and yet we are told that at times that silver streak has swollen into a mighty river, anticipating, as it were, its further growth, and risen till it nearly filled up those two hundred and fifty feet and placed the bridge in danger. Above the first two bridges the road is still but a groove cut in the perpendicular cliff which rises above and falls below in a scarcely broken line. Then the defile opens out and above the third bridge spreads into the pleasant valley of Schams (Sexamniensis, the valley of the six rivers). Smiling is this well-watered spot, and brighter its green meadows seem in contrast with the wild stern scene which has led us to it. But the inundation of 1834, which raised the waters of the Rhine nearly to the level of the middle bridge, deluged in its way this bright valley and turned its road and much of its meadow land into a lake. Very interesting is this wonderful gorge which winds and twists for three miles and a half through such grand scenery. Our walk back is quite as pleasing, for it gives us each striking spot from a new point of view. Perhaps one of the finest views is that from the ravine back upon the bold precipice which stands guardian at its entrance. In itself

the cliff is very grand, but it derives a fresh interest from the ruined castle and chapel which crown it. Hohen Rhätien tells of that far distant time—more than two thousand years ago—when Rhætus brought his Etrurians and their tongue into these wild regions, when the Gauls drove them from Italy. The tower is perishing, and the church, the first planted in these parts, is but a ruin; but the race with its stranger tongue remains and may be heard here to-day, for the people speak Romansch.

It is a pleasant afternoon drive from Thusis through the valley of Domleschg to Reichenau, where the diligence from Coire is to pick us up to-morrow. German and Romansch, Protestant and Catholic villages are here jumbled up together, but neither religion is a guide to the language, for there are Protestant and Catholic Romansch speaking people, as well as Protestant and Catholic Germans. So you have no knowledge what tongue will be wanted until you try.

Reichenau is a pleasant resting-place. Were it not for the hotel bill you might suppose yourself on a visit to M. Planta. A covered bridge over a river brings us into a courtyard between the chateau and a beautiful garden. The hotel (formerly a convent) flanks one side of the garden and commands its bright flowering terraces from its windows. If you drive on you leave by another covered bridge, which carries you over another river, which makes Reichenau an island. But as we are not going on to Coire we dismount and find pleasant quarters in this quiet spot. There is no village, only a few outlying cottages, and the whole place has the look and character of a gentleman's residence. The grapes are hanging in rich clusters around our windows, and the calm of evening is upon the spot when we wander forth into the garden and stroll along its undulating paths. The pleasant sound of rushing waters draws us to an alcove that overlooks the meeting of the two rivers, and strangely fascinating is the scene. Right before us comes the black, muddy torrent which accompanied us from Thusis; but ere it reaches our feet it meets a bright green river which fronts it. This latter has come to Reichenau by the valley we are to traverse to-morrow, into which our side road from Thusis turned a few miles hence. Side by side flowed on the two in channels as distinct as the colours of their waters; but here the green river whirls round abruptly, and in a sharp curve meets the black torrent face to face in its own channel, and the fight begins. It is fierce, for both are mountain torrents, and each has grown

strong in its course to this field of battle. The black is the victor, and it hurls its green rival far back on its course. What must come of it? Neither can remount the heights from which they came; and so a compromise is effected and a new channel formed for their united waters. Beautiful are the curves which are thus formed, a beauty which springs from strength and ultimate union. But what are these contending waters? The Hinter and the Vorder Rhein, and the united river is *the* Rhine!

Many wonder where the Rhine rises, and get puzzled over the three different sources and the various names. But here we may say *the* Rhine begins. In the Oberhalbstein we saw the outpourings from the source among the Julier range; in the Via Mala we found the chief stream, which springs above the Splügen. The two combined at Thusis, where the muddy Nolla poured in its discolouring waters and formed what is known as the Hinter Rhein. To-morrow we shall track the Vorder Rhein to its source near Andermatt; but here in this sweet spot the three combine so strangely and yet so beautifully, and onward flows hence the mighty river, quickly to pour itself through the Lake of Constance, onward through those fair and renowned banks which are above all, the Rheinland.

A pleasant if not an exciting drive it is, of sixty miles, from Reichenau to Andermatt. The Vorder Rhein flows through the valley and works its way as it can, where roads cannot be: so our route lies now high above the river, and then turns and twists abruptly down to it again. Forests are plentiful, and as they rise grandly in our way, we enjoy fine views from their heights, over the pleasant valley and the grand mountains which shut it in. At one point we are buried in the gloom of an Alpine cedar forest, and escape from it over a bridge a hundred and sixty feet high and more than two hundred feet long. This brings us into Dissentis, remarkable for its grand Benedictine monastery—hence its Romansch name of Muster. St. Siegbert, who came with St. Gall, was its founder, and though much of its ancient glory has departed, yet there it stands on its broad terrace, high in air (three thousand eight hundred feet above sea level), protected from avalanches by its overhanging forests, and sheltering the town which lies at its feet. Here, too, the Vorder Rhein first takes its full shape, by the union of the two chief mountain streams, which pour into one their waters. A symbol of the civilizing influence which the monks brought with the Christian faith, which turned to good account the oft-wasted

energies of a brave people, and enabled them to contribute their share to the stream of Christian life which flowed over the once pagan desert.

From Dissentis the real climb begins, for four thousand feet have yet to be surmounted ere the Oberalp Pass is attained. The route is not remarkably striking, but it has fine bits. We work our way slowly up the Tavêtsch Thal by the left bank of the Vorder Rhein, which is now but a mountain torrent, young in life, for its home lies up here. The summer path, as it is called, lies over the Pass of Tiarms, upwards of seven thousand feet high; but our diligence is content to follow the longer but easier route which crosses the Oberalp at an elevation of six thousand seven hundred and thirty-three feet. This it attains by ten long zigzags. We have now left the Rhine behind us, and descend on the other side of the Pass by the source of the Reuss, which dashes so gallantly down the St. Gothard Pass to Lucerne. Down also do we dash in water too, for the evening is closing in, and the rain is accompanying it. Wearisome indeed are the long zigzags, which however in time bring us almost headlong into Andermatt. Sunday is, of course, a day of rest, and so when Mass is over we content ourselves with a climb up the St. Gothard Pass, to have one more look into Italy. But it is not to be. The way through Hospenthal and half up the zigzags is pleasant enough, for the sky is bright and the Reuss is beginning its wild and headlong career; but over the summit is rolling a mist which threatens destruction to the view we seek. However, we persevere, and at last cross the summit about seven thousand feet high, and find shelter, as many a disappointed traveller has done before, in the Hospice which the monks of Dissentis centuries ago erected as an outpost of Christian charity.

We cross the frontier and stand in Italy; but we are "children of the mist," and out of that land of sunshine rolls up, as from a seething cauldron, vapour after vapour, and so our last impression of that beautiful land is sad and discomforting. As we return the weather clears up, but Italy still threatens in the distance, and Switzerland is the land of the sun.

Monday is beautifully fine, and so we set out with light hearts to walk over the Furca Pass to the Rhone glacier.

Fortunately we had failed in securing places in the diligence, and our enforced pedestrianism brings its great reward. It is

only nineteen miles, but is a good morning's walk, for there is much climbing in one part of the way.

So once more we start for Hospenthal, and passing the foot of our yesterday's climb, pursue the even tenour of our way through the Urner Thal, well pastured—thanks to the headlong Reuss, which has already leaped rather than run two thousand feet from its home in the St. Gothard—yet stern and gloomy enough, shut in as it is on both sides by snowy mountains. We are almost weary of the level walk, and rejoice when the rise comes at Realp, and soon we have enough of the amusing and exciting work, for the Elmeten Alp is before us, and up its steep side we must climb, not of course by the easy zigzags which the slow coaches follow, but by cross cuts which each one selects for himself; for we are no longer alone, but in the midst of those who secured the seats in the diligence. So now it seems that their only privilege is that of paying for places which they do not use, a privilege this which is more often purchased in Switzerland than stay-at-home travellers would imagine. The direct climb is little more than two thousand feet, but its stiffness makes it good exercise, and so intensifies the enjoyment of the view which is gained at its summit at a level of nearly seven thousand feet. And now the stroll at this height is delightful; it is a grand terrace of five or six miles in length, rising gradually the remaining thousand feet, which is to bring us to the Furca Pass. We are now close upon the glaciers, at which we had before to look up, and here at our feet is the picturesque fall by which the Siedelen glacier discharges itself. The temptation cannot be resisted, and soon are we slipping and sliding upon the ice. It clings to one side of the glorious Galenstock, as the Rhone glacier does to the other side; or perhaps we should say the Galenstock is clothed in these white robes, and raises his head high in air above them. If so, Bühlenstock is his left hand, with which he gathers this noble mantle about him. The giant is an old friend, for did we not see him last year from the Rhone valley, and from the heights of the Grimsel?

But now we are on more intimate terms, for we are in his home. Of course we stay to dine at the hotel, where dinner seems always going on; an admirable arrangement in these mountain regions, where the hungry tourist is always ready for his dinner, and dinner is always ready for him. Complaints are made that the view is not so fine as it ought to be for the height of eight thousand feet; but everything is relative, views as well as heights,

and he who is not content with the view from the Furca, let him go further—for instance, to the Eggischhorn—and fare better. But he must indeed be hard to please who, on a fine, bright afternoon like this can look out upon the Bernese Alps, and especially upon the Finsteraarhorn, and not fill his soul full of delight and admiration. To stretch oneself full length on the grassy slopes, with grim summits around and above, glaciers at your feet, and the glorious panorama which skirts the Rhone valley on both its sides, before and below you; to recognize well-known mountains, and to call up the memories they awaken; to look up into the clear blue sky, and to find it bluer and clearer through contrast with the grey or ice-clad peaks which stand out so boldly and yet so softly against it; surely there is a joy herein which would repay for much toil and weariness; but when that toil has been itself a bracing and invigorating exercise, that more than repays itself, and gives a keener zest to the present enjoyment, how intense becomes the pleasure which such a time and place afford, how rich in present enjoyment, how fruitful of pleasant memories for time to come!

There is nothing in the descent to the valley below to diminish this pleasure; it is as slow or rapid as you please, and if the distant prospect passes away, the home view fully makes amends for the loss; for here the wonderful Rhone glacier is close at hand, while every terrace which marks the regular descent brings us close upon a fresh portion of its enormous mass, and reveals to us new contortions of its straggling march. But here we are once more on familiar ground, and may well bring our notes to an end. A few lines will suffice to indicate our route home, which may be usefully suggestive to any who wish to follow in our footsteps.

A rapid drive down the Rhone valley brings us to Viesch; a climb in the afternoon takes us up for a few days to the Eggischhorn, where pleasant companions tide us comfortably over a snowstorm and its attendant delay. Down the valley for a few more days in the Grand Hotel de Vevay, on the Lake of Geneva—we somehow always feel here as if we were in Portia's villa at Belmont, so beautiful are the grounds, and so well ordered the noble mansion. A storm on the lake, which sea-sickens many travellers, a run by rail to Neufchâtel, by Grandson and its historic glories, where, if the lake itself cannot be compared with others in Switzerland, it can at least boast of an Alpine view which need fear no comparison; for it takes in the whole great

range, from the Sentis in the Appenzell to Mont Blanc. A steam to Morat and its little lake. Morat, another historic site, and deserving to be so, being so antique, grim, and yet picturesque, with its arcaded streets, embattled walls, and fierce little castle, which stood so gallantly against Charles the Bold and crushed the tyrant. Full of these thoughts we make straight for "waterish Burgundy" and its capital, Dijon; and pleasant is the railway journey over the Jura range through the Val de Travers—a name which, if not historical, is perhaps just now better known in London and Dublin than Morat or Grandson; for is it not pouring itself in the shape of asphalté into our streets?

A few days at Paris seems somehow an essential in every tour, and with us the time was prolonged in a vain hope of crossing to Dover in the twin ship *Castalia*, which we found lying disabled at Calais. So now we, for the third and last time, bid farewell to our kind and patient readers, and while wishing them a pleasant vacation, are making plans for our own.

H. B.

Modern Views on Mythology.

NOTWITHSTANDING the untimely death, in *Middlemarch*, of the Rev. Edward Casaubon, the "key to all the mythologies" has, if we may believe some of our foremost scholars, at length been discovered. The discovery, if such it prove to have been, perhaps hardly now deserves to be called a new one. First given to the English public, in something more than outline, by Professor Max Müller some twenty years ago,¹ it has since been supported and illustrated in great detail in the works of Mr. Cox.² The subject, however, can hardly yet be said to be beyond the reach of discussion.

The theory which claims to amount to a discovery of the wanted key to all the mythologies of at least the Aryan peoples, may be briefly stated as follows. "The myths which fill our classical dictionaries and the lore books (to use that term in its widest sense) of Hindu, Iranian, Teutonic, Keltic, Scandinavian, Hellenic, and Italic peoples, owe their origin for the most part to certain phrases in which the manifold phenomena and cycles of phenomena of sun and moon and stars, sky and clouds, earth and water, winds and storms were, in the infancy of language, described." This proposition will, it is hoped, gather clearness and definiteness by amplification and application to particular facts, and not less by the unfolding of such arguments as may seem to support it. The theory deserves to be put in the strongest and most favourable light before any attempt is made even to modify it in any essential particular.

First then, it may be reasoned, it is psychologically inevitable that man should, in an early stage of thought, habitually and persistently *personify*; that he should habitually and persistently speak of lifeless things as though they had life. Every child that is born into the outer world acquires and can acquire his

¹ *Comparative Mythology*, in Oxford Essays 1856. Republished in *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. ii.

² *Aryan Mythology* (1870), *Tales of Ancient Greece* (1872), &c.

knowledge of that world, as an universe of individual beings and agents, only through his own experience of his own individual existence and activities. Accordingly the child, and the man in the childhood of his race, inevitably attributes to the objects around him the same kind of activities that he finds in himself. Everything is to him a living thing, another self, confusedly endowed with feelings and powers and moral attributes like those of the child or childlike man himself. So the child beats the table against which it has hurt itself and calls it naughty; and the childlike man speaks of inanimate creatures as if they were male and female,³ and related to one another as are the members of his own family. It is a trite remark that all abstract terms are made up of roots which once stood for sensuous conceptions; it is less trite, and more to the present purpose, to insist that very many, if not all, primitive roots signifying *action* originally designated various modes of human or at least of *living* action.

The sun, then, the moon, the spreading heaven and the fleecy clouds, the dawn and the rainbow, would all, it is contended, of necessity first suggest themselves as beings instinct with life; and even after men had ceased to believe that these things really lived, they would long continue to be spoken of in what may be called living language. "In primitive speech," says Professor Max Müller, "we must make due allowance for the absence of merely auxiliary words.⁴ . . . Words were heavy and unwieldy. They said more than they meant to say. . . . Where we now speak of the sun following the dawn, the ancient poets not only did, but *could* only speak of the sun loving and embracing the dawn."⁵ "The early language of man," says Mr. Cox, "would admit no single expression from which the attribute of life was excluded, while it would vary the forms of that life with unerring instinct." For primitive man "there would be no bare recurrence of days and seasons, but each morning the dawn would drive

³ To the much toil of many a youthful student of grammar on his arrival at the chapter on gender. "The distinction of grammatical gender is a process intimately connected with the formation of myths" (Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 273). I have compared the child above with the man in an early state of civilization. Mr. Tylor writes—"It may be taken as a maxim of ethnology that what is done among civilized men in jest, or among civilized children in the nursery, is apt to find its analogue in the serious mental effort of primeval tribes" (Op. cit. p. 163).

⁴ Any reader of the Greek classics may see the tendency of such words as *ὀφείλειν* in Homer, and *ἔχειν* in the tragic poets, to become mere auxiliaries; a fact which would of itself suggest the mode of origination of other auxiliary words.

⁵ *Chips*, vol. ii. p. 66. Cf. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 258, seq.

her bright flocks to the blue pastures of heaven before the birth of the lord of day from the toiling womb of night. Round the living progress of the new-born sun there would be grouped a lavish imagery, expressive of the most intense sympathy with what we term the operation of material forces. . . . For every aspect of the material world he would have ready some life-giving expression; and those aspects would be scarcely less varied than his words. The same object would, at different times or under different conditions, awaken the most opposite and inconsistent conceptions. . . . The sun would awaken both mournful and inspiring ideas, ideas of victory and defeat, of toil and premature death.”⁶

Nor are we left here to mere conjecture and *a priori* reasoning. The Vedic hymns of ancient India constitute a literature, or rather a liturgy, of invocations to personified natural phenomena, and of allegorically descriptive phrases just such as Mr. Cox describes. “The mythology of the Veda,” says Professor Max Müller, “is to comparative mythology what Sanskrit has been to comparative grammar. . . . Names are used in one hymn as appellatives, in another as names of gods. The same god is represented sometimes as supreme, sometimes as equal, sometimes as inferior to others. The whole nature of the so-called gods is still transparent; their first conception in many cases clearly perceptible. There are as yet no genealogies, no settled marriages between gods and goddesses. The father is sometimes the son, the brother is the husband, and she who in one hymn is the mother, is in another the wife. . . . If we want to tell the Hindus what they are worshipping—mere names of natural phenomena, gradually obscured, personified, and deified—we must make them read the Veda.”⁷

It would be impossible to illustrate all that is here said by excerpts from the Vedic hymns; but a few specimens may perhaps serve to set the nature and tone of these hymns in a clearer light than even the lucid description of Professor Max Müller. In one of the hymns, translated by Max Müller, we read: “She (the Dawn) shines upon us like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. She rose up, spreading far and wide, and moving towards every one. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows, the leader of the days, she shone gold-coloured, lovely

⁶ *Aryan Mythology*, vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

⁷ *Chips*, vol. ii. pp. 78, 79.

to behold. She the fortunate, who brings the eye of the god; . . . with brilliant treasures she follows every one. . . . Thou daughter of Dyaus, thou high-born Dawn, give us riches far and wide."⁸

In one of the hymns, translated by H. H. Wilson, occur the following: "Ushas,⁹ daughter of heaven, dawn upon us with riches; diffuser of light, dawn upon us with abundant food: bountiful goddess, dawn upon us with wealth of cattle. . . . Auspicious Ushas has harnessed (her cars¹⁰) from afar above the rising of the sun, and she comes gloriously upon man with a hundred chariots. . . . Shine around, Ushas, with cheering lustre, bringing us every day much happiness, and scattering darkness."¹¹

Again: "His coursers bear on high the divine, all-knowing sun, that may be seen by all. . . . (At the approach) of the all-illuminating sun, the constellations depart with the night, like thieves. . . . Radiant with benevolent light, rising to-day and mounting into the highest heaven, do thou, O sun, remove the sickness of my heart and the jaundice¹² of my body."¹³

Neither is it in the Vedic hymns alone that such invocations occur. They abound in the fragments which have come down to us of the Egyptian and Chaldean liturgies. Take for example the following: "Thou wakest, beauteous Amen-Ra-Harmachis;¹⁴ thou wakest in triumph, Amen-Ra, lord of the horizon. O blessed one, beaming in splendour, . . . thou comest forth, thou ascendest, thou towerest in beauty, . . . all roads are filled with thy splendour; the apes salute thee with their arms, . . . they conduct thee at thy splendid arising, they . . . drive back the gate of the western horizon of heaven."¹⁵

In an Accadian,¹⁶ or ancient Chaldaic hymn, fire is thus invoked: "O fire, great lord, who art the most exalted in the

⁸ Ap. Cox, *Aryan Mythology*, vol. i. p. 104.

⁹ The Greek Ἠώς (Eos), Dawn, Lat. *Aurora*. *Aurora* stands to hypothetical *ausos*=*ushas*, just as *flora* to *flos* (Curtius, *Greek Etymology*, p. 613). The change of *s* into *r* is common in Latin.

¹⁰ "Vehicles" (Wilson).

¹¹ *Rig-Veda Samhita*, the first Ashtaka. Translated by H. H. Wilson, pp. 128, 129.

¹² "Yellowness" (Wilson).

¹³ Op. cit. pp. 132—134.

¹⁴ The context suffices to show him to be the sun personified.

¹⁵ *Records of the Past*, a series of Translations of Egyptian, Chaldaic, and Assyrian Inscriptions, vol. viii. pp. 131—134. Edited by Dr. S. Birch, of the British Museum.

¹⁶ "And the beginning of his (Nimrod's) kingdom was Babylon and Erech and Accad and Calneh in the land of Shinar" (Gen. x. 10).

world. . . . Of all things in the world thou dost form the fabric, of bronze and lead thou art the melter. . . . Of the wicked man in the night time thou dost repel the assault; but the man who serves his god, thou wilt give him light for his actions."¹⁷

Passages like these, with the assurance that they are but specimens, may dispense us from arguing *a priori* two further points in our line of reasoning, namely; first, that the great phenomena of visible nature would in primitive times raise wondering thoughts and excite keenest interest to an extent which we indoor dwellers among walls lined with maps, inheritors of a crystallized language and a matured science, can hardly bring home to ourselves; and secondly, that fervid descriptions of these phenomena would be sure to find a place in song. This being, then, supposed to be assured by the facts of early Sanskrit and other Oriental literature, a time would come, say the upholders of the nature-myth theory, when the original form and meaning, the *etymology* of this early language, would be forgotten. In the progressive development of speech, words once full of meaning would sink to the level of mere auxiliaries, and collective and abstract nouns and non-personifying phraseology would become common. When, then, the old language was preserved, as in hymns and sacred invocations, it would inevitably come in the lapse of time to be interpreted and understood literally, as referring to real living beings, male and female, and more or less human. "When Pindar calls Apophasis¹⁸ the daughter of Epimetheus," says Professor Max Müller, "every Greek understood this as well as if he had said 'an afterthought leads to an excuse.'"¹⁹ But although to the Greek the language is transparent, there are possibly some English schoolboys to whom it would not be so; and, as much that was transparent to the educated Greek is far from being transparent to the educating Englishman, so, much that was transparent to the primitive Aryan had become opaque to the Greek of Homeric or Hesiodic times. It can perhaps hardly be reasonably doubted that *Phoibos Lykeios* or *Lykégenēs* originally meant "the bright, the lightsome one," or "the bright one, the son of light." But in the classic days of Greece, *Phoibos* had become wholly anthropomorphized, and through an etymological

¹⁷ *Records of the Past*, vol. iii. pp. 137, 138.

¹⁸ *Legē*, "Prophesis." The words are Ἐπιμηθεὺς ὀψινίου θυγατέρα Πρόφασην (Pyth. v. 25, 26).

¹⁹ *Chips*, vol. iii. p. 72.

confusion Lykeios and Lykégenēs were thought to mean the *Wolf-god*.

Again, it is, I believe, certain that the Great Bear of our youthful astronomy was once *seven* bears, *arktoi*, and that these seven bears were begotten of a mistaken etymology. Their original name in Sanskrit (according to Mr. Cox) is the seven *arkshas*, or *shiners*; and the resemblance of this word to the Greek *ἄρκτος*, a bear, is at the bottom of and responsible for the familiar name of the great northern constellation.²⁰ Just so the name Hyades, whose name originally implied moisture,²¹ became, from a fancied connection with the Greek word *ῥις*, converted into *piglings*.²²

But it was not necessary that the etymology should be falsified. It was quite sufficient that it should be forgotten, and the figurative language of earlier days understood in a literal sense. We have only to read a few passages from the Vedic hymns to convince ourselves how easily this would have come about, bearing in mind, on the one hand, the tendency of language to phonetic decay and the consequent obscuration of etymology, and, on the other, the craving of the untrained human mind after definite and if possible sensational narratives, and moreover the conspicuous absence of a critical faculty in the times during which myth-formation took place. There can be no doubt that in the Vedic hymns Indra is the rain-giving firmament, and Vritra the black cloud regarded as enclosing and holding fast the rain.²³ Now let us read one of the hymns which records their combat, and mark the easy transition from the spirited description of a natural phenomenon into complete anthropomorphism.

"I declare the former valorous deeds of India, which the thunderer has achieved: he clove the cloud; he cast the waters down; he broke (a way) for the torrents of the mountains. . . . Inasmuch, Indra, as thou hast struck the first-born of the clouds, thou hast destroyed the delusions of the deluders,"²⁴

²⁰ Cox, *Aryan Mythology*, vol. i. p. 414.

²¹ Perhaps because their heliacal rising was supposed to usher in the rainy season (Liddell and Scott, s. v.).

²² Their common Latin name was *sucula*, or piglings (Liddell and Scott).

²³ "The darkness obstructed the current of the waters; the cloud was within the belly of Vritra; but Indra precipitated all the waters which the obstructor had concealed" (Rv. p. 150). "Thou mighty Indra sendest down from heaven by thy power upon the realms of earth the sustaining rain. . . . Thou hast expelled the waters (from the clouds) and hast crushed Vritra with a solid rock" (p. 153).

²⁴ Vritra (root *var*, to cover, to hide) is the *concealer* of the rain.

and thus engendering the sun, the dawn, and the firmament, thou hast not left an enemy to oppose thee.²⁵ . . . With his vast destroying thunderbolt, Indra struck the darkling mutilated Vritra . . . Having neither hand nor foot, he defied Indra . . . who struck him with the thunderbolt upon his mountain-like shoulder; . . . then Vritra, mutilated of many members, slept. The waters, that delight the minds of men, flow over him . . . as a river [over] its broken (banks). Ahi²⁶ has been prostrated beneath the feet of the waters which Vritra . . . had obstructed. . . . The waters carry off the nameless body of Vritra, tossed into the midst of the never-stopping, never-resting currents."²⁷

Again, Indra as the rain-sender, the fertilizer of the earth, is often invoked as the giver of all wealth, and particularly of cattle. Hence his great enemy Vritra or Pani is looked upon as the withholder or hider of cattle, and so a literal story emerges of some cows having been *stolen*, which Indra and the other gods recovered. "Do you priests," says one of the hymns, "offer to the vast and most powerful Indra earnest veneration, . . . for through him our forefathers, the Angirasas, worshipping him, and knowing the footmarks, recovered (the stolen) cattle. When the search was set on foot by Indra and the Angirasas, . . . then Brihaspati²⁸ slew the devourer, and rescued the kine, and the gods, with the cattle, proclaimed their joy aloud."²⁹ "Associated with the conveying Maruts, the traversers of places difficult of access, thou, Indra, hast discovered the cows hidden in the cave."³⁰ "Thou wielder of the thunderbolt, didst open the cave of Vala, who had there concealed the cattle."³¹

When, then, the metaphorical language in which was described some short cycle of atmospheric phenomena has come to be understood in a literal sense, we have what is called by Mr. Cox a primary myth. Thus if it was said, "the dawn comes fleeing from the sun, and melts away when he overtakes

²⁵ The cloud having been burst by the thunderbolt (as the fancy was) and the rain having fallen, the sun and the dawn and the firmament once more appear.

²⁶ Ahi=the *throtter*, another name of Vritra.

²⁷ Wilson's Rv. pp. 86, 87.

²⁸ "Brihaspati is here used as a synonyme of Indra, the protector or master (*pati*) of the great ones (*brihdtam*), the gods" (H. H. Wilson, *ad loc.*).

²⁹ Rv. p. 167.

³⁰ Rv. p. 16.

³¹ Rv. p. 28.

her,"³² and afterwards the dawn becomes the Lady Daphné and the sun the lordly Phoibos; or, again, if it was said that "the wind is driving away the flocks of the sun," meaning the clouds, and afterwards the wind becomes the god Hermes,³³ and the sun Phoibos, in either case, as in numberless others, we have a primary myth. It has now to be shown that these would tend to develop and to grow together into an aggregate of more complex myths. A great variety of causes would tend to produce this result. Among these the various freaks of etymology perhaps deserve to be mentioned first. The use of many different appellatives to describe a single object would, when the literal stage was reached, give rise either to a series of adventures to be attributed to a single god or hero, or else to a plurality of divine personages. In the former case it would be the business of the mythopœist of after days to coordinate these adventures in time, and to arrange them geographically. For example, the wind might very naturally be called a thief and a messenger. Accordingly Hermes is to the Greek the prince of thieves, an adept in his art hardly an hour after his birth, while in his character of messenger he came in course of time to be credited with abundance of errands, wholly unsuited to his original character. In the latter case the interrelations of these once identical beings might either remain undefined, or might come to be fixed in shapes strange enough. Theseus and Perseus (both on the present theory solar heroes) are not specially connected, but Ouranos (Varuna), the vaulting heaven, and Zeus (Dyaus), the brilliant sky, occur in the Hesiodic Theogony as grandfather and

³² "And this strong and manly deed also hast thou performed, O Indra, that thou struckest the daughter of Dyaus, a woman difficult to vanquish. Yes, even the daughter of Dyaus, . . . the dawn, thou, O Indra, . . . hast ground to pieces. The dawn rushed off from her crushed car, fearing that Indra, the bull, might strike her," &c. (Rv. ap. Max Müller, *Chips*, vol. ii. p. 94).

³³ Speaking of the so-called Homeric hymn to Hermes, Mr. Cox writes: "The analysis of this hymn seems to furnish a sufficient explanation of the comic air with which certain portions of the narrative are invested. Hermes is the wind, or air in motion, and the remembrance of the old myth, although not fully retained, was by no means wholly effaced. . . . Like the fire, which at its first kindling steps out with the strength of a horse from its prison, the wind may freshen to a gale before it be an hour old, and sweep before it the mighty clouds. . . . Where it cannot throw down, it can penetrate. It pries unseen into holes and crannies, it sweeps round dark corners, it plunges into glens and caves; and when the folk come out to see the mischief it has done, they hear its mocking laugh as it hastens on its way. These few phrases lay bare the whole framework of the Homeric legend" (*Tales of Ancient Greece*, pp. 398, 399).

grandson. In the sky are set the lights whose movements are the measure of time, and so the heaven might be not inappropriately called the sire of time. Zeus Kroniôn, on the other hand, afterwards literally interpreted "Zeus the son of Kronos," probably originally meant simply Zeus the Ancient,³⁴ the patronymic form, if indeed such it then was, being in its first employment just as figurative as the words *sons* and *children* in the Scriptural phrases *sons of darkness* and *children of light*.³⁵

Of the tricks played by that kind of blundering etymology which turned Apollôn into the *destroyer* by a false derivation from ἀπόλλυμι, which converted the Hyades into sucking-pigs, and which changed *Château-vert* hill into the hill which was *Shot-over* by little John, a word, which must suffice, has been already said. I will only remark on this subject that the efforts of the Greek poets to find etymological explanations of the myths they dealt with, however absurd the results of those efforts often were, showed at least a dim consciousness that this was the direction in which was to be sought the true key of a mythology which puzzled them hardly less than it has puzzled ourselves.

But to return to our attempted description of the development of mythic lore. Each tribe, as it parted from its fellows, would carry away its own versions of the common inheritance

³⁴ "Zeus Kroniôn meant originally no more than Zeus the Eternal, the god of ages, the ancient of days; but *son* becoming usual as a patronymic suffix, Kroniôn was supposed to mean the son of Kronos. Kronos, the father, was created in order to account for the name Kroniôn" (Max Müller, *Science of Religion*, p. 377). He takes *κρόνος* to have been the old form of *χρόνος* (*Chips*, vol. ii. p. 155). "Language," says Mr. Tylor, "not only acts in thorough unison with the imagination whose products it expresses, but it goes on producing of itself, and thus by the side of the mystic conceptions in which language has followed imagination, we have others in which language has led and imagination has followed in the track" (*Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 271). Presently he adds, "I take material myth to be the primary, and verbal myth to be the secondary formation." On the secondary character of verbal myth K. O. Müller also insists.

³⁵ That this suggestion of the relationships in which time would be viewed is not far-fetched may perhaps appear from the following lines, in which Professor Monier Williams has embodied parts of two of the Vedic hymns—

Time, like a brilliant steed, with seven rays,
And with a thousand eyes, imperishable,
Full of fecundity, bears all things onward.

His rolling wheels are all the worlds, his axle
Is immortality.

He is all future worlds; he is their father,
He is their son.

The past and future issue out of time.

From time the earth and waters are produced.

(*Indian Wisdom*, p. 25.)

of mythic phrase, and, according to circumstances, would make prominent one or other among its store, which again it would be sure to connect with the historic fortunes of its own leading families at the point where those fortunes became dim in the obscurity of the past. All primitive peoples have a fashion of connecting their royal houses with the deities they worship; divine descent seems to have been a qualification alike of Teutonic and of Hellenic primitive kingship, and herein lay the germ of still further modifications. Adventures which originally belonged to mythic heroes would come to be attributed to human bearers of the mythic name. So the northern tales of the mythical hero Atli have in the Nibelungen-lied attached themselves to the human conqueror Attila, and Gunther, his mythical rival, has bequeathed his exploits to Gunther King of Burgundy.

When again the separated tribes once more came into contact, there was abundant work for strolling bards to do in connecting the myths of the different lands, and working them into a harmonious whole, not without regard to what little might be known of the processes of migration and colonization in the past. "The ancient Grecian people," says K. O. Muller, "adopted traditions with the most eager and willing faith and confidence. Neighbouring localities mutually interchanged their mythi, new settlers engrafted the traditions of their own tribe on those which already existed in the country, rumours from afar were received into the long-established legendary circle. . . . Stories had doubtless been current in many cities and regions of Greece about the advent of Bacchus, and the tumult and intoxication with which the god had filled the minds of men, before these traditions were united into a whole, or the story of his expedition was devised, which was gradually made to advance eastward until at length it extended to India."³⁶ The conquest of one people by another, and the consequent displacement of an older by a newer cultus would here and there give rise to legends of the displacement of an older by a younger race of gods, as seems to have been the case among the ancient Chaldees, and very possibly between the older Pelergians, and the more recent Achaian population of ancient Greece. The splitting up of one tribe into two would be recorded in mythological language as the birth of two sons to a common sire, and the sending forth of a colony would

³⁶ *Introduction to a Scientific Mythology*, pp. 160, 161.

occasionally be recorded in a tale of mythical relationship. Thus "while in modern language we should say 'the town of Kyrene in Thessaly, sent a colony to Libya, under the auspices of Apollo,'" the myth related how "The heroic maid, Kyrene, who lived in Thessaly was loved by Apollo, and carried off to Libya."³⁷ When again we read that Hellen was the son of Pyrrha, and afterwards learn that "πυρρά, the red, was the oldest name of Thessaly,"³⁸ we know that this was only a mythical way of stating that Thessaly was the original home of the Hellenes. "Aëthlios, the son of Zeus, is nothing else than a personification of the Διὸς ἄεθλα."³⁹ To such lengths indeed did this mythological mode of expression proceed, that Pausanias complained⁴⁰ of those "who genealogize everything, and make Pythis the son of Delphos."

Nor must we forget the modifying effects of a strong tendency to *moralize* in various shapes. The reverent Pindar and the rationalistic Euripides alike have no scruple in altering a myth to suit their own conceptions of the gods. "Truly, many things are wonderful," says Pindar; "and it may be that in some cases fables dressed up with cunning fictions . . . falsify the traditions of men. . . . *Now for a man it is reasonable that he should say about the gods (only) what is good*; for the blame is less. *Of thee, then, son of Tantalus, I shall speak in contrary terms to those who went before me.*"⁴¹

Apropos of such changes, K. O. Müller acutely remarks, "These alterations have for the most part their foundation in this very fact that the mythus was held to be true; for precisely on that account was it of importance that it should be adapted to the state of knowledge and the ideas prevailing at the time when it was handled. The person, therefore, and the main action were allowed to remain, but other motives and spiritual relations, suggested by feelings of internal necessity, were

³⁷ Max Müller, *Chips*, vol. ii. p. 70; K. O. Müller, *Introduction*, p. 65.

³⁸ *Chips*, vol. ii. p. 71.

³⁹ K. O. Müller, *Introduction*, p. 162.

⁴⁰ *Chips*, vol. ii. p. 72.

⁴¹ ἡ θαύματα πολλά, καὶ πού τι καὶ βροτῶν φάτιν. . .
δοδαῖδαλμένοι ψεύδεισι ποικίλοις ἔξαπατῶντι μῦθοι.

ἔστι δ' ἀνδρὶ φάμεν ἰοικὸς ἀμφὶ δαιμόνων καλὰ· μῶν γὰρ αἰτία.
ὡς Ταντάλου, σὶ δ' ἀντία προτέρων, φθίγξομαί.—κ.τ.λ.

(Ol. i. 28—36. I have given Mr. Paley's translation.) The stock instance in the case of Euripides is his ascription of the tale that Bacchus was sewn up in the thigh of Zeus to a freak of pronunciation.

ascribed to them. . . . Thus the plodding and industrious Prometheus could possess but little significance to Æschylus, the profound and cultivated Athenian, and was transformed therefore in the mind of a poet to an entirely different character, one of a more speculative import."⁴² And, as a growing moral and psychological consciousness, so also an increasing geographical and physical knowledge exercised its influence in extending and defining the scene and the physical surroundings of the myths already in existence.⁴³ K. O. Müller points out how the Argonautic expedition of the Minyai is feigned to have been to the Black Sea, "the same direction in which the Minyans of Iolcos and Orchomenos undertook voyages and established colonies. Subsequent additions to geographical knowledge at length fixed its destination and the position of *Ata* at Colchis on the Phasis."⁴⁴ So Euripides, in hinting a physical explanation of the war of the gods with the giants, lays the seat of that war in the Phlegræan fields of Campania,⁴⁵ a district certainly not familiarly known when the legend was earliest related. "As the ancient Greeks invented a history of the world, which reached back to the first beginning of things, so they also devised a geography, in which ideas and notions that had nothing corresponding to them in actual experience found a definite place. Many of these ideas were gradually connected with real objects: imaginary races of men with existing nations, as appears to have been the case with the Ethiopians, who long figured in poetry as the neighbours of the sun before the Greeks became historically acquainted with black men."⁴⁶

In fact, if only the origin of mythology is accounted for, we can be at no loss to account for its development. "We have no ground whatever for excluding any class of ideas from the mythic representation, if it can be at all supposed that they lay within the sphere of intellectual activity in those primitive

⁴² *Introduction*, p. 63.

⁴³ "At every extension of geographical knowledge, the adventures and voyages of Hercules, the Argonauts, and other heroes, . . . took a wider range, . . . for how could all the mighty beings of whom such gigantic conceptions were cherished, find scope for their achievements if hemmed in . . . between the Hellespont and Crete?"

⁴⁴ *Introduction*, p. 56. "But for the Euphemidæ, the royal family of Cyrene," he says elsewhere, "the Argonauts in all probability would never have sailed round Libya" (p. 170).

⁴⁵ *Ion*, 987, 988.

⁴⁶ K. O. Müller, pp. 166, 167.

ages." ⁴⁷ A starting point supposed, there is no difficulty in understanding how upon an original stock of physical myths other myths, ethnical, etymological, ætiological, moral, heroic, or merely connective, would, in course of time, come to be engrafted.

Πλέον ἡμῖν παντός: the real question then is whether we have hit upon the true *origin* of mythology: if the principles be admitted which have been assumed in accounting for that origin, the rest follows by tolerably simple application of the same principles. Are we then to accept the proposition stated at the outset, namely, that "The myths which fill our classical dictionaries and the lore books of the peoples of the world owe their origin for the most part ⁴⁸ to certain phrases in which the manifold phenomena and cycles of phenomena of sun and moon and stars, sky and clouds, earth and water, winds and storms were in the infancy of language described?" For it may reasonably be asked whether there is any more positive foundation for the belief that the myths, say of Greece or Scandinavia, really did arise from such beginnings as these than the somewhat unsteady ground, as it may seem, first, that such beginnings did actually exist (as is abundantly shown from the Hindu, Chaldee, and Egyptian hymnals), and secondly, that, supposing them to exist, they would naturally tend to give rise, by steps whose validity is confirmed and illustrated by analogous facts, to a result such as we find consummated in Grecian or Scandinavian mythic literature. For although in what has been already said I have unavoidably touched upon other points also, yet it may be remembered that the only explicit line of argument which has been so far offered amounts to no more than this.

It is not difficult, say the supporters of the nature-myth theory, to find such more positive foundation. Not only, say they, do the Vedic hymns show us the example of a root just such as was calculated to grow up and to blossom into the complex myths of ancient Greece, but the most striking correspondences of various kinds among the mythologies of different

⁴⁷ P. 19.

⁴⁸ It may be a convenient limitation of the issues raised or suggested, to exclude from the meaning of the term *myth* whatever of historical truth may have become incorporated into mythology. That mythology embodies some historical truth no one denies: Professor Max Müller and Mr. Cox no more than Professor Blackie. The only question is, how much? And into that question it is not proposed in the present immediate context to enter.

nations—correspondences which, say they, can be explained only on their hypothesis—afford a mass of evidence in favour of that hypothesis which is, according to Mr. Cox, simply overwhelming.

I propose to give a few examples of the way in which the comparative method as applied to the present subject either gives results which could never have been arrived at, or confirms such as could only have been hesitatingly accepted, on the evidence of a single mythological literature.

"If Zeus," says Professor Blackie, "according to the Greek conception, was the strong, stormy, and thunderous element of the sky—as his epithets *κέλαινεφής*, and *ἐριβρεμέτης*, and *τερπικέραυνος* sufficiently declare—his flashing-eyed daughter (Athênê), who alone is privileged to wield his thunderbolt, must be some action or function of the sky. Let her, therefore, be the flashing lightning, or the bright rifted azure sky between the dark rolling thunder-clouds, or both, if you please, and you have at once an elemental theory which explains adequately her anthropomorphic parentage and presentation."⁴⁰ So far Greek scholarship assisted by conjecture. But the Sanskritist finds in Dahana, the daughter of Dyaus, an etymologically earlier shape of Athênê (Doric Athana), daughter of Zeus; and as there is no doubt that the Sanskrit Dahana means, not "the flashing lightning," nor "the bright rifted azure sky," but "the dawn," definiteness and correctness as well as certainty are here contributed by the comparative method. In this case the correspondence is so clear that it stands in no need of being strengthened. Yet the following illustration from Etruscan mythology may be not uninteresting. Mr. Isaac Tylor writes: "The substitution in Rome of Minerva for Athena was so absolute, that we may expect to find that the two names, though philologically so diverse, are really identical in their primitive significance. It is therefore most satisfactory to discover that *Minerva*, a pure Agric word, has precisely the same meaning as the Aryan word *Athena*. *Menrva*, like Dahanâ, is the dawn. . . . There can be no doubt that *Menerva* or *Menrva* denotes the 'red heaven,' or the 'dawn.' . . . The two *Minervas* who occasionally appear together on the same mirror, and whose relations have so much puzzled Etruscan mythologists, are seen at once to be the morning and the evening twilight."⁵⁰

⁴⁰ *Hora Hellenica*, p. 188.

⁵⁰ *Etruscan Researches*, pp. 137, 138. *Men*=sky; *Ur*=red; *va* is perhaps the definite article. So, at least, Mr. Tylor.

Again : " If we read," says Professor Max Müller, " that Pan was wooing Pitys, and that Boreas, jealous of Pan, cast Pitys from a rock, and that in her fall she was changed into a pine-tree, we need but walk with our eyes open along the cliffs of Bournemouth, in order to see the meaning of that legend. Boreas is the Greek for north-wind, Pitys for pine-tree. But what is Pan ? Clearly another deity representing the wind in its less destructive character."⁵¹ So much might have been conjectured from a mere knowledge of Greek ; but comparative etymology lends an important confirmation. " The name of Pân is [found to be etymologically] connected with the Sanskrit name for wind, namely, *pavana*."⁵²

The tale that Pitys was changed into a pine-tree is, then, seen to be only a mythical way of accounting for the fact that the same word was the name of a goddess and of a tree, adopted long after the original connection, or rather identity, between the two had been forgotten ; and this suggests that the story of Daphné having been changed into a laurel is probably only a similar embellishment of a prior and simpler myth. Lopping off this embellishment, what is the tale which we find ? Simply this, that Apollo sought the love of Daphné, and that she fled from him and plunged into a stream to escape his caresses. Now it does not require a very great deal of poetic fire to conjecture that this is a mythical relation of the chase of the dawn by the sun, as indeed I have almost taken for granted above. Still we are entitled to no more than a conjecture on the subject until we learn from Sanskrit scholars that Daphné too is only another form of the already mentioned Dahana ; still further light being thrown upon the question when we read in the Vedic hymns that just as Phoibos chased Daphné so did Indra pursue Dahana.

The connection among the names Athênê and Daphné and Dahana, like that between Pan and *pavana*, between Ouranos and Varuna, between Eôs and Ushas, among Zeus and Dyaus and the Northern Tiw, is one of identical etymology ; in the case of Athênê and Minerva the etymology is, as has been seen, not identical, but analogous. It may be worth while to notice some examples of the way in which analogous etymologies, and

⁵¹ *Chips*, vol. ii. p. 162.

⁵² *Ibid.* In fact the connection of Pân with *pu* (to sweep or purify), the root of *pavana*, is, says Max Müller, precisely analogous to the connection of Zên [Dzen] with *dyu* [dzu] (to shine), the root of Dyaus.

the ascription of analogous epithets, may be turned to account in the elucidation of mythical legends.

There is a striking resemblance between the Grecian story of Orpheus and Eurydikê and the Vedic legend of Pururâvas and Urvasi. To conclude identity of origin⁵³ from this merely external resemblance might, however, be premature, and we naturally cast about in search of some confirmation of a very obvious conjecture. Now we find, first, that "Pururâvas meant the same as πολυδευκής," namely, "endowed with much light." Pururâvas, then, is, if other indications are not wanting, a likely name enough for a solar hero. Secondly, we learn that Orpheus is etymologically a natural Grecian counterpart of *Arbhu*, one of the Vedic names of the sun. We are told, thirdly, that *Urvasi*, or *Uru-asi*, means the "far-spreading," just as *Euru-dikê* means the "far seen," and further that the Sanskrit prefix *uru* is the ordinary counterpart of the Greek prefix *εὐρυ*.⁵⁴ It becomes, then, difficult not to admit that there is between the two myths not merely similarity of form, but also community of origin. "In the Veda," says Max Müller, "the name of Ushas or Eos is hardly ever mentioned without some allusion to her far and wide-spreading splendour." And this allusion is often conveyed by the prefix *ur* or *uru* just mentioned. We can hardly, then, be in doubt as to the meaning of Euryphaessa, the far-shining, the mother of Helios; of Eury-pyle, the wide-gated, the daughter of Endymion the setting sun, whom Selênê the moon kissed to sleep; of Eurymedê the wife of Glaukos the golden; or of Eurynomê the mother of the Charites.⁵⁵

But even where etymology completely fails, the comparative method may still lend valuable aid in mythological analysis. For example, I do not think that any satisfactory explanation has been suggested of the name Hermes, or that it has been conclusively traced to any root appearing in Sanskrit, or con-

⁵³ By identity of origin I mean merely the genesis of the two tales from observation of the same physical phenomenon; not a genetic connection between one tale and the other, or between both and some more primitive version. Legends, like institutions, may become common either as the spontaneous co-ordinate results of like circumstances or through actual transmission.

⁵⁴ Max Müller, *Chips*, vol. ii. p. 102.

⁵⁵ Themselves, according to Mr. Cox, identical in origin with the Vedic *Herits*, the coursers of the sun. But as the name only means brilliant, or glistening, one does not see why "brilliant attendants" is not a good enough original sense, these brilliant attendants taking the form of horses in Indian, as they did that of swan-maidens in northern, mythology. But perhaps Mr. Cox would contend for no more than this.

nected with any known words in other cognate languages.⁸⁶ But when we read in the Vedic hymns how Pani stole the cattle of Indra and hid them in a cave, Pani and Indra being both transparently atmospheric personations; and how again the Maruts or stormwinds were engendered of Agni the fire (Lat. *ignis*), some light seems to be thrown upon the origin of the Grecian tale that Hermes stole the cattle of the gods, driving them hither and thither that their track might not be known, and that it was he who first produced fire by the attrition of two sticks, and that he was the inventor of the lyre, on which when his will was he played soft and melodious music. Hermes is the wind which drives before it the fleecy clouds, pelting them hither and thither athwart the trackless field of the sky, and fans the friction-generated spark into flame, or in gentler mood whistles soft music among the summer foliage of the trees. It is true that in the Hindu hymn the wind is the child of fire, whereas here fire is made the work of the wind; but this is no more strange than to say that a flame causes a draught, and that a draught gives strength and body to the flame. Of the two the Grecian myth is the more natural. It is true that Hermes had other attributes which are certainly not at first sight easily brought into connection with the wind. But in the first place these attributes (and especially the phallic symbol) were only such as would of necessity attach themselves to every pastoral god; and in the second place, it is noteworthy that he shared them with the unmistakeable "breeze-god Pân."

So, again, when in the Accadian hymn above quoted we find fire invoked as the cunning artificer, there can hardly remain any doubt as to the connection between Hephaistos the fire-god and Hephaistos the framer of the wondrous gear that decks the abodes of the gods. Etymology once more is not very communicative on the subject of the *peplos* of Athênê; but when in the Veda we read how Dahana comes before men robed in her brilliant garment, and again of the gay vesture which all the gods worked and wove for her, the peplos becomes as intelligible as the ægis, the black cloud with ragged and resplendent edge which, when in wrath, she brandishes before her.

But it may be worth our while to turn from such fragmentary myths to some of those very striking instances of prominent

⁸⁶ The journey of the Hellenic Hermes to Hades may or may not be etymologically connected with the faring of the Norse Hermod to Hel; but the coincidence is at least strange, and perhaps deserves to be looked into.

mythical tales which occur in one shape or another in lands the most remote one from another and among peoples the most dissimilar, and to see how the comparative method in those cases also throws light upon the origin of mythology. This, however, must be reserved for a future occasion.⁵⁷

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⁵⁷ Perhaps I ought to specify a slight difference between my point of view and that of Mr. Cox. He confines himself mainly to Aryan mythology. But as his principles, if valid at all, must (it seems to me) be universally valid, I have used them as applicable to all mystic lore. Similar application is made, with a very much wider range and variety of illustration by Mr. Tylor, in *Primitive Culture*, chs. viii. ix. x.

The Notary's Daughter.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CRISIS.

ZON understood that this was a hint to hold her tongue and leave the room. She went down to the kitchen, and, once there in her own domain, allowed herself the relief of speaking out her mind to old Simon. She had already told him a great many things during the hour he sat every evening cooking his onion soup and frying the eggs for his supper at the corner of her stove.

The aged gardener proved a very safe confidant. He was as deaf as a post, but knew how to make up for the answers—not generally to the purpose—which he made to the communications addressed to him, by a play of countenance expressing alternately assent and surprise, in a way which generally satisfied his loquacious companion. So she abused George to her heart's content, declared that she was not going to allow Misé Rose to be snubbed by a good-for-nothing, ill brought-up, *fada* of a Baron, who preferred the society of a half-witted creature like Benôte to that of his own wife, the most charming girl in the whole country. This should not go on. She would tell her parents how ill he behaved to her, and, shaking violently her saucepan, in which she was making a favourite dish of the country, called a *bouille-abaisse*, she, for the first time in her life, spoilt it. This did not improve her temper, and, whilst waiting at dinner, she darted angry glances at the unconscious and silent George.

That day, as she sat opposite to him at the little table where they had their meals, Rose could not help now and then raising her eyes to his face and contrasting its sad and indifferent expression with the animation and the smiles she had noticed when he was talking to Benôte.

After dinner, the post, which only reached Belbousquet three times a week, brought some letters and newspapers to George, and a note from Madame Lescalle to her daughter, in which she said that M. Lescalle had taken the horse and chaise for a two or three days' excursion to see some of his clients and canvass them in favour of Jacques de Védelles, and she should therefore delay a little her visit. Rose had written two days before to her mother a letter, in which, without saying anything untrue, she had managed to make it appear

that she was well and happy. She had dwelt on the charms of the villa, and described how much M. de Védelles admired the country. What long walks they took. She did not say that each went out alone. And then she praised Théréson and said how comfortable she made them.

Madame Lescalle, finding all was going on so smoothly, thought it better to leave them, for the present, to themselves. Misé Médé, to whom she showed the letter, was of the same opinion, and so, to Théréson's great disappointment, no visitors appeared.

Ever since Rose had seen George talking to Benôte she had watched for an opportunity of getting acquainted with the child, and finding out from her what were the things she spoke of to M. le Baron. This was no easy matter: the girl was indeed, as Théréson had said, a wild little creature, very difficult to accost, or to detain. After many vain attempts, she happened one morning that George was gone in another direction to find Benôte sitting on the edge of a well, surrounded by her goats, which had been drinking, and were now lying at her feet. She started up when she saw Misé approaching her, and prepared to run up the steep path that led to the mountains. But when Rose called out to her in the Provençal dialect, and said: "I have got something for you, Benôte, something which will make you see wonderful things—things you have never yet seen—on the wings of the beetles and in the hearts of the flowers," she stopped and looked at her young mistress with a half-doubtful, half-eager expression. Rose having heard of the child's passion for insects and flowers, had provided herself with a magnifying glass, the present of one of her school-fellows, which had been lying unused in her work-bag. She gathered a foxglove and looked attentively through the glass at the inside of the flower, and really astonished at the beauty of what she saw there, exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely!" upon which the little girl slowly approached, like a bird who longs to pick up the crumb you throw to it, but suspicious of your intentions, hardly ventures to come near enough. However, when Rose sat down on the edge of the well, and filled her lap with thyme, heath, and harebells, and then peeped into their secret folds, Benôte could no longer resist. When the glass was applied to her eye, and she saw the wonders it revealed, a cry of delight broke from her. Catching a ladybird, she inspected it in the same way and her delight was unbounded.

"Monsieur would like to see with that glass eye," she said. "Will you let him?"

The child's question pained Rose.

"Monsieur often talks to you, I think. Is it always about the flowers and the insects?"

"Oh, about many other things too."

"What sort of things? Birds and shells, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, the shells! I hear the noise of the sea when I hold them to my ear. Have you ever heard it?"

"No."

"Monsieur does though, and he can tell what the wind sings in the branches of the pine trees, and what the swallows say to each other when they meet in the grove before they fly away. But I have told him things he does not know. That is why he likes to talk to me. 'Benôte,' he says, 'why is that cloud sailing so fast across the sky?' and then I answer that it is carrying a message from the islands out in the sea up to the tops of the mountains where the snow always lies, and then he asks me what the sunflowers are thinking of when they turn round to look at the sun as he sinks behind the hill, and I then answer that they are calling out to him, 'Come back again to-morrow before the Angelus rings.' When I sing my songs to myself, mother and old Simon, and that cross Thérèse call me a fool, but Monsieur pats me on the head and says I am something else, a word I don't know."

"What does it sound like?" Rose asked.

"Little poet," the child replied.

"And what has Monsieur taught you that you did not know before?"

"Oh, so many things about the good God and the angels."

"But I suppose you had heard of the good God, Benôte, and you knew that there are angels?"

"Yes, Misé, but not that it is the voice of the good God which speaks when it thunders, and that the winds do His bidding. Monsieur says that the mountains, and the sea, and the sun, and the flowers sing together a hymn in His praise, and that I must do the same as I go about in the woods and fields, and then he tells me that when he goes away I must talk to my guardian angel, my own angel, who is always with me though I do not see him, and that as he sees the face of our good God, he will teach me to love and praise my Father in heaven. The one I had on earth went away before I was born, and I am glad that the good God is my Father, and the Blessed Virgin is my Mother, and the angels my friends. I think Monsieur is himself one of the angels of the good God. When he speaks a song, for he does not sing his songs, he speaks them to me, I find it more beautiful music than the organ in the church.

Rose had listened to the child with a strange emotion, a vague idea was beginning to dawn on her mind that George was not only not a fool—this his letter, that letter which she was always reading over, had at once showed her—but that he had thoughts and feelings which no one knew of, and which he probably considered her incapable of appreciating or understanding. One thing Benôte had said, struck her as if it had stabbed her to the heart, "When he goes away." When, and how soon, would that be? The words in his letter, which spoke of his irrevocable determination to part with her for ever, were remembered with a pang she could hardly account for. Could a week spent in the way the last week had been spent, one in which he had behaved with cold, distant civility, and not even attempted to become acquainted with

her, have wrought such a change in her feelings that she was actually dreading his departure, not merely from a sense that there was something wrong about it, though she could not clearly see who was in fault, but that she had begun to look eagerly for the brief moments, when a few words were exchanged between them, as the interesting periods of the day, and that if she caught sight of his face at times when he was not aware of it, her eyes could not detach themselves from it. She had sunk into a deep reverie, from which she was aroused by Benôte saying,

"Now, I must take the goats to feed on the moor behind those trees to the left. We always go there at this hour, and Monsieur generally comes home that way with Wasp, who has now made friends with my goats. He is going to tell me the story of a peasant girl, who was a little shepherdess like me and a great saint. Did you know, Misé, that little girls who take care of sheep and goats could be saints? Will you come and hear the story Monsieur is going to tell me?"

"No, I must hasten home, Benôte; but to-morrow morning where will you be with the goats? I will come to you and you will tell me that story."

"Down by the side of the brook where it runs close to the wood, Misé. Good night," and Benôte walked away, followed by her goats.

Rose went home. "I can never forget that look." Those words in George's letter seemed to haunt her. Had that look, that instant indeed decided their fate, as he had said, beyond change and recall. She had been wrong, she knew it, to show feelings she now regretted had existed, and which had disappeared and given way, if not to opposite, at least, to different impressions. It had been indeed an almost involuntary fault as far as that instant was concerned, yet she could not but remember that she had nurtured and encouraged in herself contempt and aversion towards the person she knew she must marry, which had prevented her from even trying to see in him anything better than what her dislike and ready belief of what others had said about him, pictured to her.

Again and again she asked herself what could she do now that the tables seemed turned. George really seemed to have conceived an aversion for her. The feeble efforts she made to converse with him on any but the most trivial subjects were met with a polite indifference, and an utter absence of interest. Then Rose felt her temper rising, and she showed a sort of irritation which she could not conquer at the moment, and which yet she was conscious might confirm him in the belief that it was his presence which caused it.

It was not strange that a young and timid girl in so difficult a position did not know how to act. It may indeed seem extraordinary that she did not hasten to her Aunt Misé, or write to her for advice, but a vague fear of bringing matters to a crisis, by herself taking any step, or acquainting even Mdlle. Lescalle of the determination George had

formed, kept her silent. Misé Médé might think it right to speak to his parents and hers of the intended separation, and she abhorred the idea of their interference, either to make that separation a formal one, or to compel him to alter his intention.

This feeling was so strong that it enabled her to receive her mother on the day after her first interview with Benôte with a smiling countenance, and to speak in a way which satisfied Madame Lescalle that although, according to certain hints which Théréson had given her during a brief conversation in the kitchen, M. le Baron was a very dull and silent companion, and that Misé Rose would soon be ill if she continued to lead such a stupid life, her daughter was well satisfied with her lot.

"But, Mignonne!" she said, when Rose expressed her wish to remain on at Belbousquet, "we could very well lodge you in town till La Pinède is purified; and, between you and me, I believe that stupid maid had nothing after all but a common rash. You can stay with us until the Comte and Comtesse return. You must be longing to wear some of your new gowns. I have had them hung up in my large wardrobe. There is nothing so bad for dresses as to remain folded up in cases."

"I am sure that George likes better to be here than to go to town, mamma. This place suits him so well. He takes long walks into the mountains. He is gone to-day to the rocks of Entretat. I am sorry he will miss you."

"And does he, then, leave you in this way alone?"

"Oh, he heard you were coming, mamma, and"—Rose stopped, and then added, feeling that this sounded rude, "And I suppose he may have thought that we should like to be alone together. George is very shy, you know."

"Well, well, I suppose he will get used to me in time, and the best way will be to bring him to us at once. What day shall it be? Next Saturday? And then, on Sunday, after church, we can take a walk on the Tasse: and you can put on your blue and white moiré gown, and your black lace bonnet with the white rose."

"I will speak to him about it, dear mamma, and write you a note."

"Oh, for that matter, my love, I hope you are not going to place yourself on the footing of asking your husband what he likes to do. At any rate, during the honeymoon it is a matter of course that you do as *you* like, and with such a young, inexperienced man—I mean, the sort of man he is—if you manage well you will always have the upper hand. I am sure this is what the de Védelles wished. And if you find any difficulty about it, I can make him quickly feel that when we agreed to the marriage that was quite understood."

Rose winced at this speech, and felt how dreadful it would be to have her mother interfering in her concerns. So she only answered that as they had hitherto not disagreed about anything, there was no occasion for any assertion of her right to have her own way. She again

expressed her wish to remain in the country, and Madame Lescalle reluctantly waived the point.

A day or two afterwards, as Rose was standing by a window in a back passage which looked on the garden, she saw George sitting on a bench with a bit of paper and a pencil in his hand. His face, as he looked up, was full of expression, his eyes flashing and his lips moving. He was writing; now and then he paused, looked up, and then wrote again. After a while he put the pencil into his pocket, tore the paper, threw the bits on the grass behind the bench, and walked out of the garden.

Rose had been two successive mornings to the spot where, at noon, the little shepherdess rested in the shade with her flock, and, seated by her side on the grass, had made Benôte repeat the stories which George had told her the evening before. First about the holy shepherdess, Germaine Cousin, and then about the dear Saint and sweet Queen, St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The little girl repeated in a touching manner some of the incidents of these wonderful lives. She told how Germaine planted her staff on the hill-side when she went to Mass, and left her sheep under the care of her guardian angel. Never, Benôte said, did they stray from the spot, and then, in her picturesque phraseology and with expressive gestures, she described the miracle of the loaves changed into roses, which has been so often painted and carved and sung in verse, in honour of the dear St. Elizabeth.

"Monsieur has made me a song about that," she added, as she finished her recital. "He made it yesterday, and I have been singing it ever since. Shall I sing it to you, Misé?"

Rose nodded assent, and then Benôte's childish voice warbled in the Provençal dialect—the melodious language of the old troubadours—rhymes of which the following verses are a feeble translation.

By all the humble grace that marked
Thy footsteps from thy birth,
By all the miracles that graced
Thy brief career on earth,

By all the sufferers, young and old,
That to thy threshold came,
By all the lepers foul and sad
That blest thy gentle name,

By each fair rose that bloomed within
The vest where love had sought
With curious eye to scan the dole
To famished beggars brought,

By all the poet's dreams that still
Are blended with thy fame,
By all the legends, strangely sweet,
Which consecrate thy name,

By the fair bird whose dulcet notes
Rang in thy dying ear,
And by the hymns which angels sang
Exulting round thy bier,

O loved, O sweet Elizabeth,
Bless all who swell thy train,
And let thy spirit, dearest Saint,
Ever with us remain.

Whilst the little girl sang, Rose sat with her face covered with her hands, tears trickling down her cheeks. She made Benôte repeat what she called St. Elizabeth's song till she had committed it herself to memory, and envied the child for whom it had been composed.

When, some hours afterwards, she saw George writing in the garden, his face lighted up with an expression she had never observed in it before, she guessed what he was doing, and a passionate desire seized her to collect the little bits of paper he had thrown aside, and to decipher what was written on them. She watched him out of the grounds, and then furtively made her way behind the bench, and, on her knees, carefully collected every fragment of the torn-up sheet of paper, and carried them up to her room; then, locking her door, she patiently and carefully reassembled and adjusted the bits of writing, and with flushed cheeks and beating heart made out some lines which had a strange effect upon her. They seemed to her very beautiful poetry, and deficient as she was in literary knowledge, her instinct did not mislead Rose.

The lines were full of melody—of the music of poetry—and they expressed forcibly, strong and vehement feelings. They seemed addressed to some one revered, worshipped, and for ever lost, but not dead, for they called upon this being, as far removed from him who addressed her as if death had separated them, still to be the guiding light of his sad existence. He adjured that absent one not to forget, in her hours of worship before the silent altar, to send her angel with a message of strength and peace to him, who, after years of dull apathy, had been awakened to feel, to think, and after a brief gleam of illusive hope, to suffer, with an intensity which had roused latent powers, once possessed, long lost, and now regained. "In the homes of the poor," these lines went on to say, "pray for the soul thou hast taught to love the poor; by the bed-side of the dying, pray for him who often longs to lay down the burthen of life, and rest in a quiet grave. God speaks to thee in the silence of His Sacramental Presence, He speaks to thee through the eyes and through the lips which follow and bless thee in the sick ward or the house of poverty, and He will permit thy words to win for me strength to bear my fate, courage to go through life unloved and uncared for; they will reach my soul in hours of solitude, spent in converse with nature and with that God Who, when He sent thee to my help, saved me from despair. Faith had waned, hope had died, loved vanished from my soul: even though stamped with acute anguish, I welcome them again."

A strange number of confused, agitating, startling thoughts rushed on poor little Rose's mind as she made out these lines, and pondered over them. Their meaning could not be mistaken. He had cared for some one else—he had loved some one else. He still worshipped

in some strange manner that one—whoever she was—whom he looked upon as a saint or an angel. “Then what business had he to marry poor little me?” she exclaimed to herself, with a sudden feeling of indignation, and perhaps of jealousy; but conscience—and Rose’s conscience was one of those clear and upright guides which did not lend itself to self-deceit—answered, “The same business you had to marry him when you felt you hated him.” “But a man should have more courage than a woman,” the inward voice pleaded with some truth. But conscience again replied, “He meant to try and make you happy: his letter said so. And then you spurned him. You showed him you loathed his very sight. Oh, my God! my God! what a mistake I made. Are we both to pass through life, as he says, unloved and uncared for—bearing the same name, but strangers to each other, strangers as we now are, and soon to part for ever? But who is this woman who he thinks has been a blessing to him, and yet made him suffer so terribly? Who can she be? Will they meet again? By what the verses say, she must be very good, a great deal at church, and taking care of poor people. I wonder where she lives? I suppose I shall never know. I was thinking yesterday of trying to show him that I do not dislike him, that I could like him very much; but now that I find he cares about somebody else, perhaps that would only make him hate me.”

For two long hours Rose mused in this way, and was only disturbed from these absorbing thoughts by Thérèse’s knock at the door and somewhat impatient announcement that dinner was on the table, and M. le Baron in the dining-room. She hastily came down stairs, and was so preoccupied, that if George had paid the least attention to her looks, he must have been struck with it; but he was, if possible, more silent and abstracted than ever. Rose, remembering the expression of his face whilst he had been writing the verses which had thrown her into so great an agitation, could hardly believe he was the same person now sitting opposite to her, and only uttering, at long intervals, some common-place observation.

She became painfully nervous, answered in an impatient manner, and spoke crossly to Zon because, in clearing away the things, she had knocked two glasses against each other. He seemed surprised.

At last, when the servant had left the room, she got up suddenly, and said, “I must ask you to excuse me. I have a bad headache, and must go and rest.”

“Are you ill, Rose?” George said, more graciously than usual.

“Oh, no; it is nothing. I feel only a little stupid—a little dull. I think I shall go and see my Aunt Médé to-morrow.”

“By all means. I think it will do you a great deal of good. Perhaps you do not take enough exercise.”

Rose stood with the handle of the door in her hand. She tried to steady her voice. She wanted to say some insignificant thing about sending for the carpenter’s donkey to take her to town, but the effort to

control her emotion failed, and she burst into tears. He started up, and losing all self-command, she exclaimed, "I can no longer endure this—my life is unbearable."

He seemed pained, and said in a grave and earnest manner, "I can indeed well understand it. I feel it has lasted too long. I have been considering that it is high time that you should be left to enjoy the society of those you love, and be delivered from my presence. You will do me the justice to say that I have fulfilled my pledge and kept my word. I need not repeat the assurances I have already given you. May God help us both to endure the trials of life. Our paths lie in different directions. May yours be as happy and as peaceful as is possible under the circumstances. Perhaps you will remain a few days at Les Capucins? or else bring back your aunt with you here. To-morrow I shall go to Marseilles."

Rose made no reply. She could not think of anything she could, or would, say, and hurried up to her room, where she remained for some hours absorbed in painful reflections, made up of bitter regrets and self-reproach. It was late in the night before she fell asleep, and when she awoke in the morning it was past nine o'clock. She dressed hastily, and went down stairs. Breakfast was laid only for one on the dining-room table. Thérèse's voice was audible in the kitchen, disputing with old Simon. Rose called her, and asked, "Where is M. de Védelles?"

"Simon says that M. le Baron went to Marseilles by the first diligence, at five o'clock this morning. He carried his portmanteau for him to the highroad. So that was why I took away the second cup and plate. Monsieur said that Madame was going to-day to the Capucins. Will Madame want Casimir's donkey? and am I to go with her?"

"No; I have changed my mind. I shall stay here, at any rate, to-day," Rose said, and after swallowing with some effort a few mouthfuls of food, she put on her hat and went to try and find Benôite. She was ashamed at feeling as wretched as she did. She could not bear to remain alone, nor to go to La Ciotat. She wanted to speak of George, and yet the only human being to whom, at that moment, she felt that she could do so, was the little wild girl of the woods—the child he had been kind to."

CHAPTER XVII.

A DISCOVERY.

ROSE walked with a rapid step to the well, where she expected to find Benôite, and sure enough she was there as usual, but instead of waiting to be accosted and spoken to, as soon as the child saw her young mistress she sprung up and ran to meet her.

"Oh, Misé," she exclaimed, "is Monsieur gone away?"

"He went to Marseilles this morning. Did he tell you yesterday that he meant to do so?"

"Yes, in the evening, when I was taking the goats into the stable, he came to wish me good-bye. He had not said anything about going away when I had met him in the afternoon. Oh, Misé, I am so sorry he is gone;" and Benôite began to cry.

Rose sat down by the child and held her hand in hers. The little girl looked up into her face and said—

"Will he come back again soon? I asked him, but he would not tell me. He only patted me on the shoulder, and said we should meet again some day. Are you, too, going away, Misé Rose? I do not love you as much as I love Monsieur, but I am beginning to like you, and if you will tell Thérèse not to call me an idiot, I shall soon love you."

"Oh, she must not do that," Rose said, her cheek flushing. "People don't know the harm they do when they dare to say such things. I don't wonder, Benôite, that you should like Monsieur better than me. I cannot tell you nice stories, or make songs for you as he did."

"But can't you find stories in a book, Misé?"

"Do you mean if I can read them?"

"Well, I suppose so. What I know is, that Monsieur, when he began telling me about the dear St. Elizabeth, was carrying a book under his arm, and in the beginning of it was a picture of her with her lap full of roses, and a gentleman with a face something like Monsieur's peeping at them. Once he said he was going to tell me another story, about a sick man she put in a bed, and then when people came to look at him, there was Jesus, on His Cross, lying in it instead. He found that in the book. Perhaps if you had it, you could find some stories in it."

The child's suggestion was not lost on Rose. She made up her mind to venture into the room where George's books were lying about, and to try and discover this one. Whilst she was thinking of this, Benôite was looking at her wistfully. At last she said—

"Misé, could you take care of the goats for an hour or two?"

"Perhaps I could. But why should I?"

"Because then I could do Monsieur's commission this morning instead of late this evening, and not have to keep Toinette waiting so long for her money."

"Who is Toinette?"

"She is a very old paralyzed woman, who lives in a hut half way between this place and Céreste, at the rocks of Etretat. Monsieur found her out one day by chance—the first day he was here, I think—and she was very ill, and afraid she was going to die. Monsieur walked to Céreste and told M. le Curé how bad she was, and M. le Curé came, and he got a woman to take care of her. After that Monsieur went himself every day to see her, and yesterday, 'Benôite,' he said, 'I want to send some money to poor old Toinette, as now I shall not be here

to take food to her. I don't know who to send with it; Thérésou and Simon would not care to walk so far.' 'Send your guardian angel,' I said. He laughed, and answered that I was for once to be his guardian angel, and when I have taken the goats home I must carry to her this fine gold thing. It is the finest thing you ever saw, Misé." And Benôite produced a twenty-franc piece in gold, which she held up before Rose's eyes with exulting admiration.

"Now, I shall be tired to-night, and if you would mind the goats, Misé, I could go now to Toinette. She will be so sorry at the usual time when Monsieur took her some dinner, and no Monsieur and no dinner comes. If she has this to look at, maybe it will comfort her, though she can't eat it. But Monsieur says it will turn into a bagful of pennies when she likes, and then she can buy bread."

Rose was hesitating as to what she would answer, and Benôite went on: "You see, Misé, I thought of planting my staff here, just as Germaine Cousin did, and leaving it to take care of the goats, but I am afraid they would not mind it."

"No, because you are not a saint, little Benôite. Thérésou says you are very naughty sometimes, and will not do as you are told."

"Then I'll be a saint to spite her," Benôite exclaimed, shaking her fist and stamping in a very unsaintlike manner. "I'll be a saint, and then the birds and the beasts will do what I tell them, as the wolf did when St. Francis bade him keep the peace with the people of Gubbio. That was another of Monsieur's tales. But I shall not tell the wolves to keep the peace with Thérésou. I will order that great eagle that flew across the sky and perched on the high rock above Etretat last night, to pick out her eyes."

"Oh, Benôite, you would not, if you could, do such a dreadful thing. You would be like a devil, not a saint."

"Well, if not her eyes, her cap. I would bid him carry her cap off her head, away to his nest. I should like to hear her scream after it. But what shall I do about Toinette?"

"Tell me where she lives, and I will go to her myself."

"Well, Misé, you must follow that path that leads through the wood, and then enter the olive groves and go up the hill. You will pass by a little shrine where there is a Madonna, and then turn to the left. In a little while you will come to some lemon and orange trees, and there under the rocks is Toinette's hut."

Rose went back to the house to fill a basket, and then, laden with provisions, and intrusted with the gold piece, which Benôite gave into her hands with rather a wistful look of regret, she started on her errand.

It was one of the most beautiful of the long days of June. The air was balmy, and though the heat was great, it was not oppressive. There was shade almost everywhere on her road. Rose thought how strangely different things had turned out from what she had expected. She could form no idea as to her future, and felt as if in a dream. It was a relief to walk, to have something to do, and the fact that she was executing

the commission George had intrusted to the little peasant, gave her a sort of satisfaction.

The hut Benôte had described was in a lonely situation at the foot of some rocks ; the nearest place to it was Céreste. She easily found it, and explained to the paralytic and solitary old woman that M. de Védelles was absent, that he sent her twenty francs to provide for her immediate necessities, and that she had herself brought her some dinner.

"And who are you, kind Misé?" the old creature asked, looking with admiration at Rose's lovely face.

"I am the wife of the gentleman who has visited you lately," she answered, and for the first time she said that word *wife* with a sort of emphasis, that seemed like laying claim to a name she would not have willingly given up.

"Then the good God has rewarded him for all his charity by giving him an angel for a wife," Toinette rejoined, clasping her thin hands together, and speaking in that poetical manner, which in Provence, as in Ireland, is so often met with amongst the poor and the ignorant.

Rose sat down by the bedside, and said, "He has, then, been very kind to you?"

"Good as the good God, Misé. He has saved my life—but done yet more for my soul. Oh, if you knew the peace and the consolation he has given to this poor heart of mine!"

"How so?" said Rose earnestly, drinking in each of the sick woman's words, who told her sad and simple story with the impassioned feeling and natural eloquence of a southern nature. It was an oftentold tale, that of a mother whose only son had gone on wildly from his boyish days, and had at last been led into crime, more from weakness—so she thought—than from perversity. Bad associates had got hold of him. Two years ago he had been concerned in the robbery of a diligence, tried, and condemned for five years to the galleys.

From the day the dreadful news had reached her, the convict's mother had not heard one word from or about her son. Her soul, as she expressed it, had thirsted for news of him, but none ever came, and hope had died away in her heart till the day that George de Védelles, in his wanderings in the hills, had accidentally entered her hut. To him she told her grief, and, as she saw pity in his face, she poured forth the long pent-up anguish of her soul, and described the rebellious anger she felt against God and man. He had soothed and consoled her.

"Oh, Misé," she exclaimed, "he told me he knew what it is to suffer; that young as he was he had borne a heavy cross, and that he would try to lighten mine."

"Did he tell you what has been his cross?" Rose asked, with her face turned away, dreading to hear the answer.

"Not exactly, Misé. He told me he had been ill, and lost for years the strength to work, or even to think. He said this when I complained that in the long sleepless nights in winter, when I lie here

alone, I almost go out of my mind. He smiled kindly, and then just said those few words, and he promised to get me news of my son."

"Did he succeed?"

"Oh, yes; thanks be to the good God, Who hears our prayers. Ah, that reminds me of what he told me when I was crying so bitterly, something a great saint had said about sons being saved by their mother's tears. Yes, Misé, he wrote to a friend of his at Toulon, some one as good as himself, and he brought me, three days ago, this letter. When he had read it to me he laid it on the bed, and forgot to take it away with him. And oh, I think this was a mercy of the good God, for I have found in it the words about my Antoine. It lies on my heart all the day, and at night under my pillow, such as it is. You may see it if you like, my beautiful Misé. Oh, you are happy to have M. George for your husband. I am so glad God has given him a wife as good as himself. I shall always pray for you both."

"Yes, pray for us both," Rose repeated softly, and two large tears rolled down her cheeks. The letter which Toinette put into her hands was as follows.

My dear friend,—As soon as I got your orders, off I went to M. l'Aumonier du Bagne, and made inquiries with regard to the convict in whom you take an interest.

It is very like you, George, during the first days of your honeymoon, for I duly received the *lettre de faire part*, announcing your marriage with Mdle. Rose Lescalle, and saw in the papers that it had taken place. I must say I think you ought to have written to me yourself on such an occasion; but to return to the point, I say it was like you to ferret out in the mountains, to which you have apparently retired, a sick old woman to visit and a work of charity to be done.

When we were at College, and you were carrying off all the prizes, what made me love you, old fellow, was not that you were clever and bright and at the head of our class, but that if there was a kind thing to be done you were always the one to do it, and you seem not to have lost that good habit.

Well, I have good news to give you of your young man, wherewith to cheer his mother's heart. He is alive—M. Antoine Lemaire—he is well, and what is better still, he has behaved so irreproachably since he has been at the Bagne, that a few weeks ago he was made one of the infirmarians of the convict hospital, and is becoming quite a favourite with the physicians. He goes to his duties, and M. l'Aumonier has promised me that the next time he sees him he will tell him that his mother sends him her blessing, and advise him to write to her if he knows how, which seems doubtful. Should he be able to do so, I will inclose to you the letter—as the good old lady's hut which you describe is not, I should imagine, familiar to the postman.

If you can tear yourself away from Belbousquet—what a charming name, and how well-suited the place must be for a honeymoon!—perhaps you could pay me a visit next week. I should like to show you the man-of-war which my uncle commands, and which is shortly to carry me off, in company with that uncle, to the shores of the New World. I have heard from the Paris publisher. His reader is delighted with your poems. I could not help laughing, the other day, when Césaire de Croixfond spoke of you, and asked me if it was true that, since the illness you nearly died of, you had lost all that intelligence you were so noted for at College. I suspect, old fellow, that in that utter inability to occupy yourself with anything but poetry, there has been a tiny bit of *mauvaise volonté*. Am I unjust, M. George? Perhaps so, for a clever physician assured me, the other day, that after such a shock as your brain experienced in that fever, it was sometimes years before a

person recovered the power of application, even though the mind was not affected. But God has given you genius, and you will take the world by surprise, especially the little world of your own family, who have, none of them, I fancy, the remotest idea of what lies under that silent, absent, languid, provoking manner of yours.

Write and tell me if you can come here next week, and believe me your affectionate and devoted friend,

ALOYS DE BELMONT,
Naval Lieutenant.

May I venture to beg you to present my respects to Madame George de Védelles?

Light had been gradually dawning on Rose's mind, and this letter, so singularly thrown in her way, revealed to her the truth which she was beginning to realize. George de Védelles was a totally different being from the one the reports of others and her own imagination had drawn. He had been misunderstood and underrated by his relatives, despised by his father, compassionated by his mother, held cheap by his brother, and hated by herself! No wonder he had told the poor paralytic woman before her that heavy had been the cross he had had to bear. No wonder that when he had seen her on the day she had been made his wife look at him with contempt and aversion—she the ignorant, foolish little girl, who had not thought it worth her while to judge for herself of the man to whom she had been married—that he turned from her with disgust, and left her to her fate. And he had known and cared for one who must have been so different from herself, his very ideal of a perfect woman, whereas she must be, in his eyes, one of those creatures who think trinkets and smart dresses and a carriage and servants the only elements of happiness. She kept the letter from George's friend a long time in her hand, and almost learnt by heart its contents. When at last she laid it down, and Toinette said, "Is it not a beautiful letter?" Rose started, and then answered—

"Indeed I am very glad you showed it to me. I shall come and see you again in a day or two."

"With M. George?" Toinette asked.

"Yes, if he is returned," poor Rose replied, with a pang, for she felt how unlikely it was that he would come back, though if he did, she thought things would be different than they had been; and perhaps—who knows?—they might be walking through those groves and across those hills one day together, on just such a lovely evening as this one, and visions of domestic happiness, that seemed to have vanished for ever, would rise again before the wedded girl who had, as she mournfully said to herself, turned her back on her own happiness.

NOTE.—"The Notary's Daughter" is an imitation, and partly a translation, of "Un Mariage en Provence," by Madame Léonie Donnet, who has most kindly sanctioned this adaptation of her work.

The Slave Trade in Africa.

M. LE CHEVALIER DE MOREAU, writing in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* of Louvain, gives much startling information about the present state of the African slave trade. His revelations deserve to be attentively considered. The account is too long to be reproduced here in all its extent, but it is a positive duty to endeavour to destroy something of that happy ignorance which prevails in our slavery-hating land about the still flourishing condition of that detestable traffic which England has taken so much trouble to abolish, wherever she could make her voice heard and her hand felt. If the following sketch, condensed from the Belgian narrative, cannot be read without grief and shame, it is for that very reason all the more necessary that the sickening story of cruelty should be brought home to kindly English hearts. Crimes which cry to heaven for vengeance must not be palliated or hushed up.

Africa is the natural home of the slave trade. All efforts to root the cursed thing out of the soil have hitherto been futile. King Leopold of Belgium has shown himself nobly zealous in the cause, and has organized an international association from which great good may be expected. His appeal is sure to find a ready and full response. It seems to him too sad to think that in this nineteenth century, when men speak much about philanthropy, a great continent pronounced by travellers to be in all natural advantages the finest in the world, separated from our own Europe by only the narrow waters of the Mediterranean, should be wasted and ruined by slave-making expeditions, which keep vast tracts in hopeless barrenness, and make agriculture, commerce, industry, progress, all alike impossible. While the great nations are arming for battle, Christian charity puts in her plea, and calls upon all who have power from God, "To civilize Africa, to save millions of men!"

The physical geography of Africa has had some influence upon its destiny. The coast line is very simple, the continent

is compact and massy. It would have had a better chance of civilization, if deep gulfs and numerous indentations, great estuaries and convenient water-ways, had opened out the country. Although till quite recently Central Africa was wrapped in mystery, modern discoveries are found to tally surprisingly with what was known to the ancients. On the north along the Mediterranean the climate and produce resemble those of southern Europe. Farther south the great Sahara desert stretches in variable breadth, and on the other side of this sandy region lies the new Africa which twenty years ago was scarcely known to geography. Immense table-lands, with rank vegetation growing above a man's head, and impassable forests, with enormous trees, occupy the interior. The soil is wonderfully fertile, and under tillage might yield four or five crops in the year, and even, neglected as it is, gives delicious fruit in abundance. There are animals of every kind, and millions of elephants, producers of ivory. In the north rivers are either wanting or are too diminutive to be of much service. In Central Africa, on the contrary, immense areas are covered with water, and from these reservoirs flow the Nile, Zambesi, Congo, Niger, and other rivers, which have enabled daring travellers to penetrate into the interior, but they have also been the highway of the slave-dealer. Mountains not far from the coast shut in the continent on all sides.

The negro slave trade comes from ancient times, and it is commonly asserted that the negroes themselves gave the initiative. They were eager to exchange their friends and relatives for other merchandise.

This forms, of course, no excuse for Christians who have encouraged the nefarious practice. They preferred filthy lucre to duty, and they are responsible for the misery which they could have prevented. Pius the Second in 1462, Paul the Third in 1537, Urban the Eighth in 1639, Benedict the Fourteenth in 1741, Pius the Seventh and Gregory the Sixteenth, raised their voices in loud protest against "the inhuman traffic in which negroes, like brutes, not men, were seized by violence, bought, sold, condemned to hard labour." The great powers at the Congress of Vienna proclaimed the abolition of the slave trade. The United States and England had led the way, France did not follow till 1831. All was ineffectual, for slavery still went on in all the European colonies and in America. The slave-births in America could not keep pace with the increased

demand for labour. The price of slaves rose rapidly, and from eighty to a hundred pounds were freely offered for an able-bodied negro. This was too tempting. A cargo of five hundred slaves represented such a sum of money that slave merchants could afford to have some of their ships captured by English and French cruisers. Many slavers ran the blockade, and the number of slaves in the Southern States of the Union steadily increased from a little more than one million in 1810 to four millions in 1860. This was not effected without criminal collusion of American officials. When President Lincoln succeeded Buchanan it was found that 145 vessels were employed in the slave trade. Of these 37 were captured on the coast of Africa, some of them freighted with slaves. 13,000 negroes were thus restored to freedom. An association was formed at New York, and another at Havannah, to promote the slave trade; and although it had been nominally abolished at the beginning of the century, Brazil imported 80,000 slaves, upon the testimony of Buxton, in 1839, and 50,000 in 1846, 56,000 in 1847, 60,000 in 1848, by the admission of De Souza, Minister for Foreign Affairs in that country. Even in 1860, 30,000 slaves were carried to Cuba.

In 1792 it was stated in Parliament that 80,000 blacks were carried annually to the New World, but this computation was too low. The English and French colonies at that date possessed one million and a half of negro slaves, the Spanish colonies two millions, and Brazil two millions. The number was augmented afterwards and at one time the annual supply reached 200,000, according to Vice-Admiral Fleuriot de Langle, who thinks that even this number has been surpassed since 1855. England led the way in emancipation, but it was a reparation which she deeply owed. France abolished slavery in all her colonies in 1848. The war of secession forced emancipation upon the Southern States. Slavery is to disappear from the last European colony, the Island of Principe, in 1878.

These efforts have not annihilated slavery, they have only changed its sphere of operation. Africa carries on two separate slave-trades, in the west and in the east.

The western trade has been much crippled, but it is still carried on within the limits of Africa to supply the Mahometans who are numerous everywhere, with labourers and women. At Kouka in Central Africa the chief slave market is held. To this place the merchants resort, and the transactions are of wholesale

not retail character. Among connoisseurs disguise is of course not attempted. The slave trade there reveals itself in all its hideous truth. The negroes dirty and in tatters, tired out by their journey, which had generally been preluded by furious fighting, are standing chained together. The dealers examine them carefully, try their height, pull them about, make them show their teeth, inquire how their appetite is as a criterion of their state of health. The poor creatures are bought to be disposed of in the adjacent countries or to be sent off to Fez, or Morocco, or Egypt. Their sufferings in crossing the desert defy description. After a march of some days they arrive at a broad belt of wooded country, then the grassy line which stretches across the continent from sea to sea, and then they reach the hot sands of Sahara. An oasis here and there after long weary marching affords a few moments of repose. The camel drivers put the water vessels with the opening close beside the camel's head. If a poor slave maddened with thirst tries to steal a drop, the thirsty animal gives a plaintive cry and stops. In some places the road is literally lined with bleaching bones of slaves who are not entitled to burial rites. From fifteen to twenty thousand slaves make this dolorous march every year without counting those who die.

The eastern branch of the African slave trade is at present more extensive in its operations. There are two grades in the business, the lesser and the greater. The petty dealer is an Arab or Turk or Mussulman of some sort. He takes a few assistants and he makes his expedition on a donkey which carries calico to the value of one hundred francs into the bargain. If the donkey is alive at the end of the journey it is exchanged for one or two slaves. The calico is worth three more slaves, and so the commercial traveller having parted with his donkey and its load is the owner of four slaves at least, which he can sell at Kartoum for twelve hundred francs. He returns on foot and his new acquisitions do all the requisite portorage. This mode of business does not always bring unclouded happiness. Sometimes the donkey dies, sometimes the slaves decamp with the provisions. Ordinarily in that case the merchant dies of hunger.

The larger dealer fares far better. He lives at his ease at Kartoum, or Gondokoro, and employs agents instead of going in person. These agents take up their abode in a palisaded inclosure with conical hut-houses accommodating from sixty

to three hundred monsters of iniquity, interpreters, kidnappers, soldiers, agents, with their stores of all kinds. They receive a regular salary and have a share in the profits. Schweinfurth says that the superior agents in the Nile country are generally Mussulman priests who look upon the slave trade as a part of their office. They are cruel hypocrites, interlarding their conversation with pious ejaculations, and the slaves have no harder masters. He speaks of cruelties committed by them which might make a man's hair stand on end to hear them. When the fortification has been constructed the immediately circumjacent country becomes subject to the merchant prince, and is bound to pay tribute and to furnish provisions. Raids are made to villages a little more remote. Livingstone has described the sudden desolation brought upon peaceful inhabitants by these vile invaders.

In Egypt as in Turkey in Europe trading in human flesh is forbidden on paper, but it exists in point of fact, as all travellers can attest. The Government officials charged with the duty of putting down the traffic almost invariably take advantage of their office to protect the slave hunters, and to exact a certain capitation tax upon each negro. Sir Samuel Baker, who was intrusted by the Viceroy with the perilous task of putting down the slave trade on the banks of the Nile, had to carry on one incessant struggle against the Egyptian governors and other functionaries. Before leaving Africa, he begged the Khedive to try in his presence at Cairo a certain Saoud, the most hardened in iniquity and the wealthiest of the slave merchants, whom he had encountered in his expedition. But the Khedive, not daring to accede to his demand, offered instead to put the case into a special and secret court. Thus the best known and most cruel of the slave dealers not only did not meet with the chastisement his crimes deserved, but he was positively rewarded for them. Such a fact is enough to show what obstacles have to be encountered and overcome before this deplorable and barbarous custom can be eradicated. In Egypt slaves are so common that the finest negro scarcely fetches more than five hundred francs.

The country round the great lakes is a seat of this detestable traffic. The centre of the district is Zarech or Taboro, some few hundred leagues from the eastern side of Tanganyika. From this part the human wares are conveyed to the shores of the Indian Ocean. Baker tells us of a cavalcade which he

met on this road, commanded not by Arabs but by Turks. The old women captured in the raid did not walk fast enough, so they were killed. It was just one blow with a heavy stick on the back of the head, and there lay a corpse. The road was lined with these ghastly witnesses, which Livingstone says are to be seen everywhere—here a woman strangled, there some children tied to their mother's breast, all dead in the grip of the accursed *furca*: in another place men, women, children tied together, and the survivors not having strength left to disengage themselves from the dead bodies lying upon them. The answer of the natives is always the same: "The slave owner, furious at the loss of so much money, assuages his grief by murdering or torturing to death those who are too tired to walk further, but who might, on recovering from their fatigue, fall into the hands of other dealers." After a long journey the company arrives at the sea-side. It is no longer in close marching order. The poor wretches are straggling in open file along the road, scarcely able to stand, and worn to skeletons. Their faces tell only of hunger. Their eyes are dull and sunken, their jaws bony. It is high time that their march should come to an end. The black ships are ready there with dark, narrow, noisome hold to carry them to Zanzibar.

It is on this route that the International Society established by the King of the Belgians intends to fix its scientific posts and hospitals. Uujiji, on the shore of Tanganyika and Nyangwa, in the upper stream of the Loualaba, are the selected spots. It is in contemplation to unite the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, by road communication from Bugamoyo, opposite to Zanzibar, to Saint Paul de Loanda, and thus to throw open to travellers the route taken by Cameron.

Parallel with this line, a little to the south, is the valley of the Zambesi, through which the slave dealers conduct their victims to the sea-side at the port of Guiloa. Upon these coasts the traffic assumes a peculiar character, says M. Berlioux, whose careful and conscientious investigation of the Oriental slave trade deserves to be better known. To understand this new kind of barter, it must be premised that in countries where polygamy is practised it is not easy for a poor man to find a wife, for the numerous marriages of kings, nobles, and wealthy citizens drain the market. The Portuguese merchants are men of observation. They supply the natives with the coveted commodity in exchange for ivory, with large profit on the

transaction. In these parts, accordingly, a special trade is carried on in which a partition is made of the prisoners, the men, if they are worth selling, being sent to the coast, and the women being kept to exchange them for ivory. The slave child, purchased for a piece of calico worth one franc, sells for twenty or thirty francs at the sea-ports on the Indian Ocean; a strong lad brings in from forty to one hundred and twenty francs; women have no fixed price, they are often sold for four hundred and five hundred francs. The sale of slaves on the sea-coast has little in common with the purchase in the interior, and there is no repetition of the scenes before described. On their arrival the captives pass into the hands of men whose special business it is to improve their appearance by repose and substantial nourishment. Soon the unhappy creatures recover their health. The African tribes are of a hardy constitution, and easily shake off fatigue and sickness which would be fatal to white men, and it is not to be supposed that the multitudinous nations of the interior are all of the same type, or as deficient in physical beauty as the negro race with whose physiognomy we are so familiar.

The east African slave trade supplies every year from 80,000 to 90,000 slaves. If however to this number be added that of the victims who fall in the assault of the villages, in massacres and conflagrations, or who perish by the roadside, or on ship-board, we shall have, so says Livingstone, to multiply the number by five or even by ten. This would make at the lowest computation 450,000 persons who fall victims to this cruel traffic every year.

The Superior of the Catholic mission of central Africa, as Mr. Banning tells us, estimates at a million of men the loss which the slave trade inflicts annually upon the population of Africa. These are terrible statistics which prove the extent of the evil and the necessity of putting an end to it.

The human stream, scattering corpses as it goes, is flowing eastward without stoppage or abatement to satisfy the insatiable greed of Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Turkey in Europe, and Turkey in Asia. The Mussulman race could not go on, it would die out hopelessly if an incessant influx of men and women did not give it new blood. These Mahometans must have wives, and some of them must have many. They can no longer find women in their own country, nor can they obtain them from Circassia and Georgia, now that slavery is forbidden

there. Polygamy, which ruins social life, by attacking it in its essential germ, the family, is one of the principal causes of slavery and the slave trade. But the finger of God is seen. Nations addicted to polygamy are doomed : foreign races, which they conquer and enslave, waste away in the baleful contact : the Africans who arrive incessantly to meet the demand become profligate and indolent like their masters. Sloth and infamy and wretchedness run in a vicious circle, and the end of these evils will not be seen till the institutions which produce them have passed away to make place for Christianity. Meanwhile, we have among ourselves a considerable number of virtuous men who are continually talking up the merits of the "good old Turks," who even imitate their manners, though not their vices, and who would apparently think it a great calamity to the human race if the East were delivered from the domination of Mahometanism !

Catholic Review.

I.—SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

The Formation of Christendom. By T. W. Allies.

(Article from *Der Katholik*, March, 1877.)

THE author of this work is well and widely known as one of the most distinguished English Catholics. Nominated under Father Newman's rectorate to a chair in the Catholic University of Ireland, he held there an inaugural lecture on the Philosophy of History. The volumes now executed are the fulfilment of the design conceived in order to discharge his functions as Reader on the Philosophy of History, comprising a series of lectures which circumstances caused never actually to be delivered.¹ If the author's name is well calculated to inspire interest in his work even outside of England, a review of its contents will show such an interest to be well grounded. The work has already been mentioned in this Review. In an essay on the Philosophy of History (*Katholik*, 1873) we considered the very suggestive inaugural lecture in which Mr. Allies at the commencement of his academical office exhibited the conception of the Philosophy of History, the method of treating it, and the task imposed upon it in the present day. In a further article we pursued the course of lectures contained in the first volume, which are occupied with the commencements of Christianity, and its position towards the Græco-Roman civilization.² We were certainly right in then drawing attention to the fact that the English writer unites a knowledge of classical literature in a very singular degree with earnest theological training and profound philosophical conception; and specially we showed that the author has a masterly touch in joining theological exposition with vivid historical portraiture.

As since then two further volumes have appeared in England, we hold it our duty to complete the information upon the work which we then gave. Unfortunately these have not yet appeared in a German translation, and we must therefore still refer to the English original.

After, in the chapters of the volume we have just cited, the leading ideas and especially the social institutions of Christianity had been opposed to heathenism, and so the foundations presented of the great

¹ A slight error of fact in the original article has been here tacitly corrected.

² These articles were reproduced in the MONTH of November and December last.

structure of the Kingdom of Faith and Grace set up by Christ, the second volume is employed in pursuing its progressive formation in the first centuries.

With this purpose the author begins by casting a glance on the religion actually existing in the Roman Empire. Under the title "the Gods of the nations when Christ appeared," he draws out with equal accuracy and elegance the interminable crowd of religious appearances huddled together under the sceptre of the Roman Cæsars.

In diversity from the mediæval State, and in opposition to the modern, it was a radical principle of Roman policy to leave the countries, which it had united in the mighty world-empire, in undisturbed possession of their national worship.

When Athens, the eye of Greece, became a provincial city in that empire, its treasures of art, like its material wealth, migrated to Rome ; but no one of the temples, in which Greek mythology with all its higher and lower divinities had found a place, was closed. Nor were the Greeks, who as slaves and afterwards as Roman citizens transported themselves to Italy, prohibited from introducing their national divinities. The Capitoline Jupiter, proud of the unquestioned supremacy which Rome's world-wide sway gave him, did not disdain the society of the shapes, who were moreover kindred to them, with which Greek phantasy had peopled Olympus.

But the divinities of Asia likewise, of Egypt and of Africa, maintained their dominion under the Roman sceptre, and advanced into Italy and the provinces of the West, borne on by the ever-increasing mass of population, from which Rome, the world's capital, and the Roman host were supplied. The Hebrew worship alone, whose God was the jealous God, and Who as God of gods was likewise God of the nations, was excluded from this general toleration : and if Jews likewise were not prohibited from acknowledging the faith of their fathers in synagogues, yet their worship remained outside all contact with the heathen religion, and so early as Domitian was an object, together with Christianity, of the most violent persecution.

Whilst Mr. Allies, partly following Döllinger in his *Heathen and Jew*, but especially drawing from St. Augustine's *de Civitate Dei*, gives an outside picture of the heathen religion, he penetrates further so as to exhibit the inward workings of polytheism upon civil and moral life, and especially in following out the connection between religious ideas and Roman civilization, between slavery and state-absolutism.

The most recent literature, as we remarked in the former article above mentioned, has drawn richly upon this source. But one thought it has generally left unnoticed, which has the greatest importance for the understanding of the heathen worship, and which the Fathers also put always at the head ; the thought, that is, that heathendom in its divinities paid honour to demons, and that, on the other side, the demons exercised their power over minds through the heathen worship. This deeper theological conception of heathendom, grounded in the

faith, which alone completely explains its power, finds in our work a detailed and exhaustive exhibition. It has been developed by St. Augustine especially in the first ten books *de Civitate Dei*.

The power of the heathen worship, as is shown in vol. ii. pp. 27—56, is not to be explained merely by human nature and its weaknesses and liability to passion. It rests upon a continuous enticement to transgression against the divine law, and to denial of the commands of conscience written upon the human spirit. It was only through this that polytheism, despite its unreasonable, illogical, self-contradicting form, was able to maintain itself even in minds the most intelligent and otherwise full of character. But this enticement could only issue from a more than human power, from the host of the fallen angels, who as certainly form a kingdom with its own unity as the angels of God. Only such a power was able to establish the sway of error by a positive influx upon the imagination and the understanding as well as upon the passions, and so to stifle in the mind the knowledge of God.

That polytheism had its main force in the deceit and the incitement of demoniacal powers, is attested not only by the holy Fathers, Irenæus, Athanasius, and Augustine, but, as Allie shows, by the heathen poets themselves. Even Lucretius, the poet of materialism, and disciple of Epicurus, speaks, i. 83, of the yoke of religion which lies upon the earth, and Virgil, *Geor.* ii. 491, acknowledges his belief in a secret inexorable fate, which dominates over the mind with terror. This fear expresses itself yet more in the sacrificial worship, and in the ceremonies of the heathen religion itself. The guiding thought in heathen piety is not that calm poetic symbolism or allegory which modern humanism lauds to the skies in the Græco-Roman mould of thought, but a dark and slavish dread in real superearthly powers. Whilst Mr. Allie is setting forth this side of heathendom in his seventh chapter, he comes back again upon the position of the political power of the Roman empire towards religion, and with as much acuteness as clearness shows that this power, despite its apparent toleration towards religion, yet in truth exerted the most complete intolerance in the service of the demoniacal kingdom. He shows this at the same time under a vivid image. The question, What is truth, which Pilate directs to the Eternal Truth, and to the sceptical toleration of which he attaches the bloody command to crucify, is the symbol of the whole religious policy of the Roman State, and especially the symbol of every anti-Christian power's Church policy. The toleration of doubt, which is tolerant towards all errors, becomes intolerant as soon as it looks truth in the face. That is the secret of the persecution of Christians in antiquity, as in later times. We cannot, of course, allow ourselves in regard to the following chapters of the second volume so extensive a reference as we have just given of the first. But what we have quoted will suffice to characterize the depth of conception which specially belongs to our author.

In pursuing his course, Mr. Allie enters into the inward nature of

the kingdom of Christ. Attaching himself to St. Augustine's expression, *Totus Christus caput et corpus est*, he develops in the eighth chapter the idea of the Church, by setting Christ the Second Man over against Adam the First Man, and the work of Redemption over against the work of sin, and then shows in his ninth chapter how Christ comes to be manifested and actualized, historically and socially, in the Church as His Body.

From these descriptions, which develop in a very peculiar speculative, but at the same time vivid form, the lofty doctrines of the Church's theology, with a careful juxtaposition of passages and statements from the Fathers, the author returns to the history of the first centuries. The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth chapters are chiefly occupied with martyrdom, which is as deeply grasped in its inward meaning, as it is attractively depicted in its chief figures. As we have repeatedly remarked, the peculiar conjunction of history and speculation which belongs to our author must here also seem specially attractive. True to the conception of the Philosophy of History, set forth in his inaugural lecture, he details with the accuracy of the historian the prominent persons and facts, in order so to group them and place them in such a light that the Ideas which are operative in the Facts come forth sharp and firm.

Upon the bloody combats with the heathen State power, which fill the records of the martyrs, follows the not less violent struggle of the Church with heresies. Whilst Mr. Allies betakes himself in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters to this field of battle, he begins with a glance upon the Greek Philosophy, which Tertulian characterizes as the arsenal and armoury of all heresies.

As we have said, we cannot follow out details. It is a sketch of the whole Greek philosophy, pre-Socratic, Attic, and post-Aristotelic, which is presented to us in these chapters. Here the author specially takes note of the German historians of philosophy, Zeller, and Ueberweg; also Döllinger. But as he repeats the facts given by them, he places these in a light which Protestant philosophers and also Herr v. Döllinger are not able to give them. The exposition with which the fourteenth chapter concludes, and in which the negative action of philosophy is compared with its positive, is in this respect specially interesting. Quite in accordance with the statements of Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and St. Augustine, the author recognizes that the Greek philosophy has afforded considerable aid towards belief in the unity and personality of God, the personality of man, and the duties of men to each other and towards God; but as decidedly he points out its incapacity to form a society, which should be moulded merely after its principles, and be able to live. It is just herein that is seated the deepest secret of the lot of Greek philosophy, which St. Augustine expressed with regard to Plato in the words: "He taught much and convinced little."

The following chapters, fifteen to twenty-two, forming the third volume,

turn from the picture of the history of the Greek philosophers and its opposition to Christianity back to the Church, and the first of them, the fifteenth, to the foundation of the Roman Church, the type and form of every particular church. And here in sharp strokes is noted the great contrast which the Roman Church in and of itself forms with every philosophy, and with the real power of a master a comparison is carried out between the work of St. Peter, on the one hand, and the work of the philosophers, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, and the rest, on the other. They too say Follow me, but their Follow me has not the mysterious power which the word of Christ conveyed to St. Peter. That inward, mysterious power has made the Rock of Peter the source of that wisdom which quickens minds, not through the strength of human nature, but through the strength of God. The Rock of Peter has its type in that rock on which the rod of Moses struck.

The author draws out in a most ingenious way this typical relation between Moses, Christ, and Peter, which the pictures in the catacombs point to, by showing how the threefold authority, the prophetic, priestly, and royal office, which in Judaism continued on, though divided in its bearers, being in Christ united and transfigured, was transmitted from Him to the Apostles, and especially to Peter. The union of Faith, Sanctity, and Worship is, as he proceeds to show, the strength of the Christian Church, whilst the weakness of Greek Philosophy consists in the severance of these three endowments. This was the very reason for which it was so powerless to convince, and so incapable of founding a social order, because it only possessed a portion of those forces which are destined to form human life.

After it had been shown in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and this particularly brilliant fifteenth chapter what the Greek philosophy was able to do before our Lord's appearance, there remains to consider in the following, sixteen to twenty-two, how it behaved upon that appearance taking place. For this purpose the author pursues the systems which arose by the side of Christianity in the Roman Empire, especially Neostoicism, the Neopythagorean school, and the revived Platonism. All these systems are thoroughly presented in their relation to Christianity. The main thought which here guides the author is in sharpest contrast with that point of view from which this very important portion of the history of philosophy is usually looked at in German literature. Protestant writers, Zeller and Ueberweg in particular, represent Neostoicism as the exclusive production of the development of heathen views, explain Neoplatonism chiefly by the blending of Greek and Oriental speculation, and thus make the attempt to explain Christianity itself as a product of these systems. Against this view, which is fundamental in the recent Protestant theology, Allies sets the proof that, on the contrary, the above-named systems came into effect under the influence of Christianity, which, so far from drawing its ideas out of Greek and Oriental philosophy, exerted rather a power by its own light even upon that speculation which remained at a distance

from the faith. As the sun pours out his beams, not only upon the clear and fresh waters, but illumines likewise the turbid and foul, so the heathens also, who turned themselves from Christ, could not withdraw themselves from His influence. Without wishing or knowing it, they bore in themselves the effects of the new light.

If this conclusion appears to be entirely justified in itself, it can also be historically proved in detail, and this the author does at full length. We cannot follow him in this, nor is it in our power to quote the comparison which he draws between philosophic heathenism and Christianity, especially between the Neoplatonic speculation and Christian theology, in which he disposes thoroughly of the Protestant fable as to the similarity between the two. The treating of this question is the more interesting because Neoplatonic heathenism has come to life again in modern Pantheism, with the same pretension, and exactly as in Julian's time endeavours to take possession of the treasures of the faith as being a higher Christianity. The author refers to this in a special note.

After a brief review of the ground hitherto trodden, the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters present the Greek philosophy under a new aspect in contrast to the Christian Church. It is shown that the Greek philosophy, in its endeavour to construct a social order, disturbed and broke up more and more its original order, derived from the Patriarchal revelation, whilst, on the contrary, Christianity, in carrying into effect the supernatural order, gave likewise a new basis to the natural.

The author, in page 473, remarks that the whole Christian life is built upon the imitation of Jesus Christ. "This imitation is the symbol, which comprehends the root, the motive, and the strength of the whole race, the standard and model of its virtue, the ground of its reward." "But the character of the life of Jesus Christ is absolute obedience." The Church, by preaching this obedience, by celebrating it in her festivals, and by reflecting it in her own life from the Pope, the Servant of the servants of God, down to the humblest doorkeeper, plants afresh in human society the foundation of all order. Whilst the anti-Christian revolution breaks up society by the demand of man's *rights*, the Christian religion defends it by the proclamation of man's *duties*, which spring from that vital relation of the creature, obedience towards the Creator, but are fulfilled in the life of Christ in supernatural perfection.

The exhibition of this marks the culmination of the chapters which have as yet appeared, and contains the author's ruling thought. We can only wish that it might be considered worthy of attention, not merely by theologians, but also by politicians. The events of the present time turn in fact upon the one question, whether any philosophical theory whatever, the liberal, or democratic, or social Idea, has power to construct afresh the natural social order, or whether for this be required that supernatural order, on the foundation of which,

fifteen hundred years ago, human society was reorganized? The Philosophy of History which the excellent author presents us with, is not immediately occupied with the needs of the present. But it gives us a full and clear light whereby to understand them.

II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *All the Articles of the Darwin Faith.* By the Rev. F. O. Morris.
London: W. Poole, 1877.

MODERN SCIENCE, in the common sense of the term, is threatened from no quarter by any danger that can be compared to that which has been created for it by some of its own most prominent leaders—perhaps we should rather say, by some of those who appear as its representatives in the eyes of the literary world. Many of these men, especially, we think, in our own country, write and speak in a manner seriously calculated to throw discredit on the branch of knowledge which they profess to cultivate. The discoveries of modern times in so many departments of physical science may have bewildered them by their greatness and magnitude. They may have become intoxicated with their own success. They may lack true largeness and modesty of mind, and so have been easily led to arrogance as to the exclusive claims of their own sphere of inquiry. Or, perhaps, they are men of deficient mental training, who have never sat on the benches in a good class of logic and so are ignorant of the long established laws of reasoning. From whatever cause, their books are full, from beginning to end, of fallacies and false processes of reasoning. They defy the rules of the syllogism, and seem sometimes to ignore the dictum *De omni et nullo*. The consequence is, in the first place, a development of arrogant assertion on the part of their followers—especially, as was to be expected under the circumstances, when they come across received and traditional opinions, and often more than opinions—which excites moral indignation and reprobation quite as much as intellectual suspicion; and, in the second place, a serious aversion, on the part of well educated and thoughtful men, especially if they are good Christians also, from the pursuit and appreciation of a branch of study which seems to produce effects so unfortunate on the moral and mental character of those who are devoted to it. We need not say how much the advancement of knowledge of all kinds would suffer if it came to be an acknowledged fact that no one could make physical science his exclusive pursuit without incurring the danger of impairing his reasoning powers, and of becoming a sort of intellectual coxcomb. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that such a result is quite within the range of probability. At present, science is all the fashion, but a time may come when the minds of men may turn away from the very unsatisfactory pabulum which it affords for the innate cravings of the soul. It is quite conceivable that the next generation may witness a re-action in the direction of a higher philosophy of life, and

that physical science, having pretended to more than it could perform, may come to be rated at less than its true value. Under such circumstances, and indeed under any circumstances whatsoever, it will be a disadvantage to this, or to any other branch of true knowledge, to have been cultivated by men who have been bad logicians, while at the same time they have been arrogant and contemptuous in the claims which they have put forth, rather for their own conclusions than for those which legitimately follow from their premisses or their principles.

We say this, of course, in the interests of science itself. Catholics can wish nothing more heartily, within the sphere to which science belongs, than that it should be cultivated with the utmost devotion, and that its cultivation should be repaid with the most conspicuous success. Now, more than ever, the advancement of true science would be of immense, though perhaps indirect, benefit to religion. Of course, also, we are not so foolish as to make any general charge of faultiness of reasoning against scientific men as such. The truly great men among them, the men whose names will live to future generations in connection with true achievements in the path of science, are usually men of modest minds as well as of patient industry and caution in the processes which they use. But the very great success of science in the present century has made it almost a matter of necessity that there should be a swarm of sophists for every single true philosopher. It falls in with the temper of our generation that it should be a very fine thing to be a man of science, and that the distinction should be claimed by not a few who have not fairly earned it. It is also in keeping with the extreme shallowness of the age, that a man who has made his mark in one department should be quite ready to dogmatize in another, and that his words should find many listeners ready to accept them as oracles. Thus a man may be a good observer, and yet a very bad reasoner from his own observations, and this very man may be allowed to lay down the law, not as to the facts which he knows, but as to the inferences which he imagines.

We have often been tempted to wish for the son of Sophroniscus to go about among our scientific luminaries and put them through their paces with some of those severe catechizings of which Plato has made himself the historian. We can imagine the fun which Socrates might make out of Mr. Darwin or Mr. Huxley, leading them on from one step in his argument to another, without revealing to the victims of his inexorable logic the point to which he was drawing them, until at last he presented them, as a conclusion to which they could make no objection, with a proposition the direct contradictory of that with which they had started. The readers of Plato know that there are not wanting instances in the dialogues in which the sophist who undergoes the treatment of which we speak is represented as losing all self-control, and as breaking out into the language of passionate invective against his collected and immovable opponent. Such, we fear, might be the result of a similar process, even in our own more refined time and under the cooler

influences of our northern sky. But we shall have long to wait for a second Socrates. If he were to come, he would, we repeat, be acting as the truest friend of science if he were as unsparing in his dealings with the modern sophists as he was with their prototypes at Athens. But what is really surprising is that the work which we are imagining for Socrates is not performed in a more efficient manner by the critical Press of the country. It is the special duty of the Press not to let false reasoning pass. In this sense, the somewhat severe motto which has been inscribed for so many decades of years on the cover and title-page of our oldest and most famous Review—*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—is strictly true. Scores of silly and worthless books appear, year after year, and the critic is not obliged to notice and denounce them. His occupation would be trying indeed, if it were his duty to warn his readers off all simply unprofitable pastures. There is a proverb about the uselessness of breaking a butterfly on the wheel, and the greater part of the books of which we speak are more flimsy than a butterfly, and not a thousandth part as attractive. But a false reasoner in science is a real *nocens*. He does harm to his own department of knowledge, as he may mislead all who are in it as well as himself. He does harm to knowledge in general, as a false conclusion on one point may affect a great many other points. Especially at present, when the conclusions of science are being enlarged in so many directions in which they seem likely to cross the path of the students in the highest ranges of philosophy and in religion itself, the man who sends forth into the world as true a conclusion which is at best a more or less probable hypothesis, may quite possibly affect the faith of thousands, and bring about a moral mischief which may be compared to the misery of every kind which has before now, and even in our own days, been caused by some light-hearted minister who has jauntily led his country or his sovereign into a great war, in which hundreds of thousands of men have lost their lives. The impunity with which some of our modern sophists have been let off by the critics in this and other countries may perhaps be accounted for by the very great prestige which now attaches itself to the character of a man of science. It may be supposed, too, that in this, as in other cases, the critics are not altogether unknown to the authors whose works they are called upon to censure. But the most reasonable hypothesis to account for the phenomenon of which we are speaking seems to be that there is a very great general laxity in criticism, broken in upon by occasional explosions of spasmodic violence, and that the great number of books that have to be dealt with by professional reviewers, makes it a rare thing indeed for a particular work to be patiently read and thoughtfully criticized.

These remarks form a rather long preface to the consideration of the very small pamphlet before us—a pamphlet the visible bulk of which does not give a fair idea even of the actual amount of matter which is contained in its pages, the print being of the smallest. A much more considerable work in point of appearance might have been

made out of half the amount of material. Mr. Morris has acted on the principle expressed in the well-known line of Horace about the pre-eminent power of ridicule in cutting things to the quick. His little brochure looks like a mere squib, and if it were no more, it would at least be an amusing one. But it is a great deal more than a squib. He professes to give the "articles of the Darwin faith" in a series of short propositions, ridiculous enough as they lie before us in his pages, and yet which we believe it would be difficult for the most devoted disciple of Mr. Darwin to repudiate as unfair. We do not of course vouch for every single proposition as having been extracted *verbatim* and without violence to the context from the writings of the authors quoted—for Professors Huxley and Tyndall furnish Mr. Morris with his materials as well as Mr. Darwin. But we believe in all sincerity that the propositions quoted, and which are absurd enough to be understood as such, even by persons who have not studied the books from which they are taken, are really or equivalently to be found in the writings of these authors. We believe that Mr. Morris has not been unfair, either in the general idea which he gives of our modern sophists, or in the particular opinions which he attributes to them, or in the expressions of self-assertion and self-confidence which he puts into their mouth, if he does not rather take them from it. It is precisely because the pamphlet is not a simple skit, that we are sorry to see it in a form so comparatively insignificant. It is the work of a man who is quite at home with his authors—a man who is devoted to physical science himself, and who has contributed his quota to our natural history in a manner which shows that he is well acquainted with the cost and value of the careful investigation of facts and the comparison of evidence. It is, therefore, the *jeu-d'esprit* of one who has as much claim to the title of philosopher as either of the men on whose works he comments so severely and yet so amusingly. He has not given chapter and verse for his quotations—they would have been out of place in so small a work—but if these were added, as we have little doubt could be done, the pamphlet before us would be valuable, even to those who may have to confute in the class-room the errors which have been supported by the authority of the writers named. A Christian Plato would find materials here ready to his hand for many a Socratic dialogue on the false dogmatism of the day.

Having said so much of this little work, it is but fair to give our readers an opportunity of hearing its author speak for himself, or rather speak in the name and almost the words of Mr. Darwin. Here is a passage about the formation of the eye on the principles of natural selection.

I believe that no explanation is at all necessary of my taking it for granted that before the eye in its present state was formed there must have been a "single rudimentary eye," able, though only able to discern "light from darkness, but nothing else." How the first animal came to have it, is not for me to say. It had it, I say. I cannot tell you how natural selection made it, or made it to discern light from darkness. All I can say, is, that

"he who will go thus far, *ought not to hesitate to go farther.*" (True enough!) "His reason ought to conquer his imagination" (for all that Tyndall says about the "use of imagination in science") "in extending the principle of natural selection to such *startling lengths.*" That is my opinion, and opinion, mine at least, is everything.

I believe that I can give you a receipt like Mrs. Glasse's one for making an eye—"Take a thick layer of transparent tissue," and so on. You may ask me how the materials came to be at hand, and so readily? You may call this a pertinent question. I call it a very impertinent one. I don't like it at all. It does not suit me. I altogether therefore ignore it.

I believe, to proceed, "I see no very great difficulty in believing" that "natural selection" has worked out an eye of some 24,000 lenses, as in an insect, from my supposed original "optic nerve, merely with pigment." Aladdin's Lamp was nothing to my natural selection!

I believe that only let this "process go on for millions on millions of years, and during each year on millions of individuals of many kinds, and may we not suppose that a living optical instrument might thus be formed, as superior to one of glass as the works of the Creator are to those of man." You say it's all "suppose and suppose," as the old Scotch ballad says. Well, suppose it is—what then?

I believe that "thick layers of tissue" were manipulated, in some way or other, to produce that result; but as I was not there to see the process going on, it is very unreasonable of you to expect me to tell you all or anything about it.

I believe that it all came of a "nerve sensitive to light:" but how there came to be such a nerve is a question you need not ask me. Whatever was, was. That is a self-evident proposition, and proves my case.

I believe that there was no design to produce such an eye, but only that there happened to be a "nerve sensitive to light" just where it ought to be in the head, and at the same time "spaces filled with fluid," all to hand—in fact, "this, that, and the other," and a "power intently watching the process," natural selection to wit—but all accidental, nothing of purpose. You may say that you have a right to be indignant at such an insult offered to your common sense. You may be; but I have nothing to do with common sense.

I believe that natural selection was thus "intently watching each accidental alteration," but without any prescribed plan of her own. It was altogether a fortuitous proceeding. Thus, you see, the eye was the result of a series of accidents, going on in millions upon millions of billions upon billions of years, and at a sacrifice of a still greater number of lives in failures. This is a philosophical argument; and it is quite sufficient for me, let it suffice for you also. In a word, only take for granted all my "vain imaginations," and "we may believe that a living optical instrument was thus formed, as superior (as I said) to one of glass as the works of the Creator are to those of man." By "Creator" you will of course understand that I mean a Creator of my own creating, that is to say, in other words, "natural selection."

I believe, you see, that in order to make a perfect animal or creature of any kind, it is not necessary at all to know how to make it. Not in the least—certainly not. The only three postulates that I claim are, Accident, Ignorance, and Extermination. By these three acting together, all that is called Creation came into being as we see it.

I believe, for I cannot deny, that one of the Trilobite family, the *Asaphus Tyrannus*, has no fewer than 6,000 facets to each of its eyes, and Buckland states that it was "created in the fulness of perfection," or to use my own words, "as perfect as possessed by any of the articulate class." I have, no doubt, contended that it takes millions upon millions of ages, each million with millions upon millions of failures, to make anything like an eye at all; yet, as here we find a perfect eye in the Trilobite, whose fossil remains are found in the most ancient of all the formations, and which, therefore, in the words of Ansted, must have been among "the earliest of created beings," this fact, I say, staring me in the face, I "see no difficulty" whatever in it,

by simply "imagining" that it must have been gradually coming to that state of perfection in billions upon billions of ages *before the beginning*. You understand, do you not? Nothing can be more plain or simple. It merely is an instance of the "use of the imagination in science," Tyndall's grand discovery of which is the greatest fact in modern philosophy. You may say, if you please, that it is all fiction, and so on. Leave that to me; I know better.

2. *Studies in English Art.* By Frederick Wedmore. Bentley and Son, London.

The writer prepares the way, in the course of his short preface, for surprise at the absence from his list of several well known names, amongst our recent English painters. We certainly miss the names of some whose style would come with peculiar fitness under the scope which he proposes to himself, as being not only links in the chain of the gradual development of English art, but also as examples of a peculiar individuality and typical character in the works which they have left behind them. Such painters were Opie and Constable, Wilson, Copley Fielding, West, and others. It is always interesting and useful to read artistic criticisms which assist our appreciation of painters whose pictures are often too easily passed over, as they hang upon the walls of our galleries or in private collections, because many persons are less familiar with their names, and are ignorant how much English art owes to them in the formation of the school of painting of the present day. Mr. Wedmore's list of subjects is chiefly wanting in consecutiveness, a point which could have been with a slight extension easily obtained. He has wholly omitted intermediate types of the generation which has just passed away, though two of his examples belong to the present day.

As incidental studies of art, the most interesting criticisms are those on Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Crome, and Turner in the *Liber Studiorum*. Amongst the remarks on the great fondness which Sir Joshua Reynolds showed for painting children, and depicting the tender relationship between mother and child, we meet with fresh instances of the complete inability of the Protestant mind to understand or appreciate the treatment of religious subjects by Catholic artists. May there not, as partial cause of this difficulty, be a touch of wilful blindness to the real meaning or merits of this branch of his art, so manifestly denied to the Protestant painter, who fails as much in spirituality of conception, as he does in ease and naturalness of execution. The perpetually recurring Madonna and Child in the earliest school of sacred art are regarded as the religious extravagances of Perugino, Fra Angelico, and Bartolomeo; or we are told that churches and religious houses were constantly requiring sacred pictures, and as these must teach some lesson, the Divine Mother and the Divine Child formed the prevailing subject. Their surprise is expressed at the constant repetition of paintings of the Holy Family by Raphael and others of the more modern Italian school, and these are still more depreciated as being merely formal and pointless in their object. The

author himself explains the mysterious inclination to harp back on an old and worn-out subject as the craving of mere human art, in this wholly material age, to elevate its treatment of the tender relations of life by help of their most ideal type in the vague relationship between Mary and her Divine Son, though, as he remarks, the idea of an Immaculate Mother and an Immaculate Son have long been exploded. Thus have the paintings expressive of Catholic devotion and Catholic faith come to be used as subservient to the need of depicting with becoming dignity the more real, tender, and lasting affections of mere human nature.

III.—POSTSCRIPT ON CURRENT AFFAIRS.

I.—France.

I. ENGLISHMEN do not usually follow the shiftings of the political scene in France with all the interest which might seem natural. We have an immense and direct interest in the welfare of that great country, our natural friend and ally, which the miseries of past centuries made for so long our most dangerous and constant foe. During the present century, however, the importance to the cause of civilization itself of a cordial friendship between France and England has become more and more evident and prominent. Since the great humiliation of France at the hands of Germany in 1870, everything seems to have gone wrong in Europe in consequence of the temporary weakness inflicted upon our neighbours as a penalty, among other things, for the detestable policy of the Empire towards the Church. We believe that there is no wish more dear to the heart of the best friends of each nation than the wish that they may remain united by the most cordial friendship, and aid one another, if needs be, in repelling the iron despotism of materialism and anti-Christian infidelity which has been for a long time growing in power by our side. Nevertheless, the French politics of the day are a puzzle and a disappointment to Englishmen—a puzzle, because they cannot understand the frequent changes, the successive failures of governments, the rivalries and bickerings and fierce passions which seem to agitate every French Assembly when the country is under a constitutional *régime*—and a disappointment, because this much is evident, even to superficial observers, that good men in France are very deeply divided among themselves, and seem to require nothing short of the most serious danger to society to make them act together even for a time. This is one of the great plagues of France. It is bad enough to have perpetual insecurity as to the form of government, to have three separate dynastic parties believing that it is for their own interests and for the interests of the country that violent changes should be made in the constitution, bad enough to have so large a mass of the population accustomed to revolution, and with no better creed than

a positive hatred to Christianity. But what makes France appear hopeless, with all her wonderful energies and powers of self-restoration, is the internecine animosity which seems to prevail between men of different political shades, good and religious Catholics for the most part. In England, men of different shades of opinion on the same side make no difficulty in combining for a common end. They do not mind supporting leaders whom they do not altogether agree with, rather than let in the enemy. In France, a Legitimist seems to prefer M. Gambetta to an Orleanist, and the most violent diatribes of some of the Catholic papers are uttered against men like M. de Broglie and the Bishop of Orleans.

The steps lately taken by Marshal MacMahon are of a character which was quite sure to render them the subject of misrepresentation and of hostile criticism in a country like our own. We may get an entirely false idea of them from the articles which appear, day after day, in the *Times*. The Marshal has not made a *coup d'état*, he has not acted out of the line of the present Constitution of France in anything which he has done, he has not threatened the Republic, he has not thrown himself into the arms of the "Clericals," nor has he any ordinances in his sleeve like those which brought about the fall of Charles the Tenth. What has been done is what was sure to come sooner or later, unless the Marshal President was prepared to see the Government dragged on to a persecution of all that is best and most valuable in France. No majority in any Assembly of our time has behaved with more reckless unscrupulousness than the present majority in the Lower Chamber in France. It was returned, in very great measure, under a misconception: for it was thought that the issue of the last elections was to decide the choice between the Marshal and the Republic on the one hand, and the return of the Bourbon dynasty on the other. A majority which behaves as this majority has behaved over and over again in the decision of contested election returns, simply furnishes the best possible arguments against the existence of Assemblies in which such wanton abuses of power can be tolerated. The Left has made one Minister after another impossible, and the President has honestly endeavoured to take his advisers from their ranks, until at last he was reduced to M. Jules Simon, with M. Gambetta as the next alternative. The last votes of the Lower Chamber had made the case even worse. Marshal MacMahon found himself with M. Jules Simon for his Minister, but with M. Gambetta for the real master both of the majority and of the Cabinet. M. Gambetta was urging the Chamber in the direction of actual persecution of the Church. Under such circumstances, it was quite certain that the time must come for an open breach between the President and the majority, and it may be thought by some that it should have come sooner, and by others that it might well have been delayed until the Left had finally disgusted the country

beyond all hope of pardon. Anyhow, the President has now acted as he was sure to be forced to act. He has exercised his right in the practical dismissal of the Ministers. He has chosen a Conservative Ministry, and has placed the portfolio of the Interior in the hands of a man of nerve and determination, who will do something more than weep and wring his hands, like a certain English Home Secretary, if any attempt is made to disturb the public peace. Marshal MacMahon has also used his constitutional power of proroguing the Assembly for a month, and of dismissing a number of Radical Prefects. The next step, whether immediately taken or not, will probably be an appeal to the country by a dissolution of the Chamber, for which, however, the cooperation of the Senate with the Marshal is requisite. Here we come across one of the miseries which the intense party animosities among Frenchmen have entailed upon the country. It will be remembered that, when the present Senate was constituted, and the life members named by the expiring Assembly which enacted the Constitution, what M. Gambetta called a large garrison of advanced Republicans was elected by a narrow majority in that Conservative Chamber, some sixteen or seventeen Legitimists having made common cause with the Left in order to prevent the election of a number of moderate and distinguished men, who were too moderate to please them. If the Senate should refuse—which is not impossible though unlikely—to consent to the President's proposal for a dissolution, it will be because of that ill-omened manœuvre on the part of the ultra-Conservatives at the time of the election of the life members. Certainly, the state of France at present is very far from satisfactory—but still it is long since religion has been so powerful, since so much freedom was allowed to good education, since so much activity in every kind of good work has been so generally manifested. The Marshal is making every effort to save the country from the abyss into which the Left would plunge her, and it is sad to think that, if he fails, his failure may come in great measure from political imprudences dictated by personal and party animosities on the part of men who are on the side of order and of religion.

2.—*The Eastern Debate.*

The declaration of war, and the actual commencement of hostilities, both in Europe and Asia, though a surprise to no one, still produced angry feelings both on the Continent and in this country against the Power to whose action the breach of the peace seemed mainly owing. At the beginning of May there were many signs of a state of excitement which gave serious cause of alarm to grave thinkers among us, who could remember only too well how, even with the peace-loving Aberdeen at the helm, England had "drifted," as the term was, into that Crimean war, which now has so few to defend its policy. There was activity in the dockyards, alarm in the City, the loud

talking of officers in both branches of the service in expectation of work to do and promotion to be gained, and a whole crop of sinister rumours at the clubs. The organs of public opinion were widely divergent in their tone. Some were praying for a speedy and decisive success to the Russian armies, some were declaring the war now at last begun to be the most righteous and necessary war of the present century, while others were openly urging on the country the policy or duty of once again taking up arms in defence of our "old ally," the Turk, against the unprincipled aggression of Russia, the enemy alike of civilization and of Christianity.

This divergence of opinion and feeling on the subject of the Czar and his empire is no new phenomenon in England. It is unfortunately a subject which Englishmen do not approach without the strongest prejudices, on account of the uneasy feeling which is the necessary result of our possession in India of an immense empire, of which we are very proud, and as to which we feel all that sensitive jealousy which is but too natural in the occupants of vast territories at a great distance from their own shores. A nation in such a position is but too easily induced to believe that other powers may have designs, dangerous to the tranquil maintenance of a state of things which is so abnormally beneficial to itself. It is inevitable that if England is to remain mistress of the fairest realms on which the sun of the East shines, she must pay the penalty of a perpetual anxiety and suspicion as to the progress in power and in extension of dominion of the one great empire in the world which she fears as a possible rival in Asia. There can be no doubt that for this and other reasons which we have no time to enumerate, there will always be a large party in this country ready to urge a war with Russia as a matter of national policy. At the time of which we speak, it was widely believed that the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield was divided on this point, and that there was real danger that the country might be guided into a line of action which would issue in hostilities. At the usual dinner at the Royal Academy, on the first Saturday in May, the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought it worth while to deny the rumours of an actual split in the Government. It cannot, of course, be known to what extent these rumours were founded upon real differences between Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby, on the one hand, and Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Cross, and other ministers on the other. When, in the ensuing week, the Government came to meet the House of Commons in the great debate of the Session on the Eastern Question, it became clear that the differences if any had been laid aside for the time, and that the Cabinet, as a whole, was ready to pledge itself to a policy of peace, unless in the case of some direct danger to the interests of England. Meanwhile, if the Cabinet had been divided, it was certain that the leaders of the Liberal party in Parliament were by no means

at the head of an undivided host. Mr. Gladstone, carefully declaring that he was acting for himself alone, had given notice of a string of resolutions on the Eastern Question, to which it was known that the Liberal leaders would not agree. The resolutions were in part assertions to which no one could object, inasmuch as they declared that the misgovernment of Turkey had caused her to forfeit all claim on the support of this country. But they also contained the doctrine of the possible coercion of Turkey by the European Powers, and to this doctrine very strong objections were entertained on both sides of the House. During the week which passed between the announcement and the moving of the resolutions, meetings were held in many of the large towns, which seemed to show that the popular feeling was still in favour, at least to a considerable extent, of the strong policy of which Mr. Gladstone had made himself the mouthpiece. He was to be supported in the House by a considerable fraction of the Liberal party. Thus, if a split in the Cabinet had been imminent, a division among the Liberal forces seem inevitable.

When the day came for the resolutions to be moved, it became evident that strong pressure had been brought to bear in order to avoid the danger of a break up in the Opposition ranks. Mr. Trevelyan asked Mr. Gladstone if he would consent to the withdrawal of the more obnoxious of his resolutions, and Mr. Gladstone replied with unusual pliancy that he would make no resistance to such a proposal from another person. A stormy scene ensued, the Ministerialists protesting against the change of front which had been arranged for the purpose of uniting the Opposition, but after the waste of two hours, the debate proceeded. It occupied the entire week, and the division took place on Tuesday morning, the 15th of May. The nominal issue on which the party fight turned was the choice between Mr. Gladstone's first resolution and an amendment, moved by Sir H. Wolff, declaring the unwillingness of the House to pass any vote which might limit the perfect freedom of the Government, and on this issue the Ministry had the support of a very large majority—354 against 223. The debate, however, ranged over the whole Eastern Question, and produced some very important declarations from members of the Cabinet. The ministers who spoke were, as it happened—or as it was arranged—just those in the Lower House whose names had been mentioned by rumour as inclining far more than some of their colleagues to a carefully pacific policy. Mr. Cross, in particular, made a speech which had a great effect in reassuring the House and the country as to the absence of any distinctly anti-Russian bias in the counsels which the Government were prepared to follow. Sir Stafford Northcote closed the debate on the Ministerial side by a speech in the same strain. Mr. Gladstone, both in his opening speech and in that in which he replied at the end, was quite equal to his former self, and the whole tone of the discussion

was high and worthy of the House. The result of the debate has certainly been to clear the air, and to dissipate for the time the fears of any active interference on the part of England on the side of Turkey, should that Power—which has yet to be proved—be too weak to save herself from an utter overthrow in a single-handed conflict with Russia. In this respect it cannot be too well remembered we are in a very different position from that which we occupied at the time of the Crimean war. We had then a powerful and hearty ally in France. No one would at that time have ventured to suggest that we should undertake the defence of Turkey by ourselves. At the present moment French statesmen are agreed that their country must resolutely keep out of war. But they are equally anxious not to see England drawn into war. Let one of the Great Powers join in the struggle, and it will be difficult for others to hold back. The complications which might ensue might even lead to a state of things in which England and France, to their own immense misfortune, might find themselves on different sides. Nothing would more completely play the game of the arch-plotter against the prosperity and integrity of all the States which have their frontiers contiguous to those of the new German Empire than any imprudence on the part of the English Government at such a time as the present. We are already told that Prince Bismarck has returned to Berlin, and it cannot be known till after these lines can be published, whether he is not going to make the change of affairs in France the pretext for some violent act of aggression.

3.—*The Progress of the War.*

The slow progress of the preliminary movements in the Russo-Turkish War may be taken as portending a lengthened struggle. Even if the efforts of the Great Powers are successful in localizing the evil, it will still be upon a gigantic scale, for it will in any case be the encounter of two great Empires holding large territories in two Continents, encircling the Black Sea as if it were an inland lake, and confronting each other upon a very long line. The struggle may easily be as fierce as it is vast. Russian obstinacy and Turkish desperation are both formidable. Neither Power need look for any special interposition of grateful heaven in its regard, for both have persecuted the Church of God. The Turks have now a very different foe from Sobieski or Don John of Austria, and need not fear the prayers of Russia if they can stand against her artillery.

Russia, by well-timed hesitation and professions of willingness to listen to reason, having put off to a more operative season the commencement of hostilities, upon which her mind was quite made up, found herself nevertheless under the necessity of declaring her intentions and putting her troops in motion rather earlier than was altogether convenient, for a certain security of fine weather is, it would appear,

absolutely necessary for carrying on military operations on the north bank of the Danube, which is low and marshy, very often flooded, and at the best ill-provided with lateral communications.

On the 24th of April the Russians crossed the Pruth in considerable force, the Grand Duke Nicholas having for his immediate object to secure the line of the Danube. Simultaneously the advance of the army of the Caucasus under the Grand Duke Michael was notified, and the reduction of Erzeroum seemed to be the intended opening of the Asiatic campaign. Both in the east and west unexpected difficulties have retarded the invading armies.

Roumania.—Prince Charles of Roumania, whether he is making a virtue of necessity, or is really cordial in supporting the policy of Russia, has accorded so kind a reception to the Russian troops that for all strategical purposes Roumania may be looked upon as Russian territory, and the real frontier is, by a stroke of the pen, advanced to the Danube. To cross friendly Roumania, even with sadly inefficient railways and widespread floods with muddy tracts between, is one thing. To cross the Danube is quite another thing. The cause of the unseemly haste of the first dash across the frontier was no doubt the desire to secure the railway-bridge over the Sereth and to hold the north bank of the Danube till arrangements could be made for the passage. In this the Grand Duke has been perfectly successful. He means to take his own time and keep his own counsel about crossing the great river, and he has a sufficient body of troops in position to make him master of his own movements, while his forces present so extended a front that it is not easy to know where he proposes to attempt the passage. The forces in march for the Danube are officially computed at nearly 200,000 infantry, nearly 27,000 cavalry, and about 600 guns. Orders have just been given for a further mobilisation of 120,000 men destined to the same field of operations, with an addition of 300 guns. Actual hostilities on the Danube have been confined to artillery duels between the various pairs of forts from Widdin and Kalafat on the west, to Ghiacet close to Ibraila and Matchin on the east, and between Roumanian batteries and Turkish monitors, with now and then an utterly unmeaning raid of a few Turks into Roumanian villages, apparently for the fun of fighting, but with no further results than mutual exasperation. These diminutive invasions began soon enough to furnish the Roumanians with a pretext for renouncing any lingering allegiance to Turkey. The torpedoes have hitherto been unequal to their reputation. A Turkish monitor was blown up at Ibraila by a shell which chanced to enter the funnel. One man only of three hundred escaped. The Grand Duke Nicholas, on the 19th of May, fixed his headquarters at Bucharest, and this central position, joined with the fact that large bodies of troops are moving westward, make it possible, if not probable, that secret negotiations are being carried on for a descent through

Servia, avoiding the chief difficulties of the passage of the Danube and circumventing the Balkans. If Austria could be persuaded to look on patiently, this would be a masterly contrivance. The lower Danube is a very ugly fact in the face of an invading army, and the range of the Balkans is another. The Danube from Widdin downwards varies in width from nearly half a mile to one mile and a quarter. It is of very difficult navigation, rising and falling at short notice, with constant alterations of the river bed. The northern bank, in wet weather a dismal swamp, is never convenient or wholesome for the marching of troops, while the south bank is overhanging and easily defended. The islands are all near the northern bank. The transport of troops from the northern to the southern bank under fire could not be effected without heavy loss, and this the Grand Duke knows well. It would be comparatively easy to cross into the low land of the Dobrudscha, the eastern extremity of Bulgaria, which runs in a narrow strip between the Black Sea and the northward bend of the Danube, but a more formidable enemy than shot and shell lurks in those pestilential swamps.

If considerations of public health prevent the passage of the Danube near its mouth, and considerations of policy prevent the passage far up stream in Servia, then the Russian army, landed safely on the southern bank, would find its further progress barred by the intractable Balkan Mountains. These in mere height are not perhaps very terrible obstructions, but the passes are difficult of access, and the roads from the Danube to the hills are divided from each other by far-stretching projections of the mountain range, and are commanded by strong fortresses, Varna, Shumla, Silistria, and Rustchuk, which form a quadrilateral, and Sestowa and Nicopolis. The western passes are the least inviting, and the eastern passes are the least exposed. Never was a great nation so distressed for want of a navy.

The passage of the Danube is still unattempted, and conjecture is at fault. Both the Czar and the Sultan are expected at the seat of war.

Armenia.—The eastern invasion is also proceeding slowly, but the causes of delay are altogether different from those at work in Europe. The advance was made in three converging lines, apparently intended to meet at Erzeroum, but the programme involved the capture of Kars and Batoum *en route*, and Batoum and Kars have so far refused to be captured. The carrying forward of supplies is a matter of much difficulty in a hilly country entirely unprovided with means of conveyance, and this alone would make European rapidity of movement impossible in Armenia, but the Grand Duke Michael has other causes of uneasiness. In the first place, the Turks are armed with needle guns, and the Russians had not planned their attack upon any such supposition. To this, even more than to the brilliant charges of the Bashi Bazouks, it seems that we must attribute the great repulse at

Batoum on the 9th of May, for to attack in column old soldiers, sheltered behind walls, and armed with breech-loading guns, is to invite disaster. Close formation was sometimes very effective in the days of Brown Bess, but hereditary tactics must be abandoned in the presence of novel dangers. The despatch from Hassan Pasha reporting 4,000 Russians killed in this attack was closely followed by a counter despatch from Lieutenant-General Oklobshin reporting twelve Russians killed apparently in the same affair. It is no wonder that the round numbers of the Turkish statement were at first received with incredulity; but they are now accepted as comparatively truthful, or at least not altogether fabulous. In the second place, Georgia and Circassia do not constitute by any means so pleasant a base of operations as Roumania. There are many Mahometan inhabitants, and these recently annexed countries are not very loyal. It may be that the signs of disaffection have been grossly exaggerated by the despatches from Constantinople, it may be that the incipient rebellion is insignificant, but it may also be that what in a more settled time would have been insignificant, is a cause of deep anxiety when a great war just beginning ties the hands of Russia. Moreover, a hostile movement in the rear of an invading army, even if it were as a matter of mere fighting very contemptible, would still cause great complications, and grievously obstruct a forward march by threatening the communications.

The Turks are actively fomenting the insurrection and have undoubtedly gained great successes on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. By landing troops ostentatiously a little further down the coast, Hassan Pasha managed to draw off a portion of the garrison of Sukhum Kalé, and then quickly re-embarking his men bombarded and captured the town with the help of Mussulman insurgents. Large quantities of arms have been sent from Constantinople for distribution among the Circassians. A kind of plan of operations is beginning to develop itself. It seems likely that Batoum will be strengthened and will be regarded as the centre of the Turkish army in Asia, which if it can hold its own at Erzeroum on the right, may from Sukhum Kalé intercept the Grand Duke's communication with the Caucasus, and give to the Circassian revolt the support required to make it really formidable. It is said that one son of the old Daghestani chief Schamyl, who surrendered to Russia in 1859, has been sent from Constantinople to endeavour to inflame, and another son, an officer in the Imperial Guards, to endeavour to allay the insurrectionary movement.

The fall of Ardahan is the first success of any magnitude obtained by the Russian arms in Armenia; for the capture of Bayazid, which lies at the foot of Mount Ararat and is said to have been in a half-ruinous state, was an easy matter. Round Kars and Erzeroum there is sure to be hard fighting. Kars, situated one hundred and ten miles

north-east from Erzeroum, is entirely built of black basalt and strongly fortified. Erzeroum is one of the most important positions in Asia Minor. It is six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by a double wall with square towers.

4.—Judgment in the Ridsdale Case.

The long-expected decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Ridsdale case was given on the 12th of May. As we have already said, the court which had been assembled to try the case was one of unusual strength, and it appears that although the Judges were not unanimous, three only can be named as having dissented from the conclusion at which the majority arrived. In a court of final appeal, it is not convenient that any dissidence of particular Judges from the rest should be published, and in this case the absence of the Lord Chief Baron, of Mr. Baron Amphlett, and of Sir Robert Phillimore, is the only tangible evidence that there was any difference of opinion. At all events the law, which is to rule the practice of the Anglican clergy as to the celebration of the Communion Service, has now been finally settled, as far as the authority of the Queen, which was at the time of the Reformation substituted for that of the Pope, is able to settle it.

The decision was delivered by the Chancellor in a long and very elaborate judgment. There were four points for decision—the legality of the sacrificial vestments, with the use of which Catholics are familiar in their own churches; the legality of what is called the eastward position, that is, the position of the celebrant with his back to the people and his face towards the wall against which the communion table is placed; the use of wafers or altar-breads; and the erection of a crucifix. The judgment on the first and last of these points was against the Ritualist clergyman whose case was before the court, and in his favour as to the second and third. The vestments are declared to be illegal as well as the crucifix. On the other hand, the eastward position is not condemned, on the ground that the requirement of the law is that the people are to be able to see the breaking of the bread, and that it is not certain that they are prevented from seeing it by the fact that the celebrant stands with his back to them, and with the bread before him, while he breaks it. The use of wafers would be forbidden, according to the judgment, if they were mere wafers in the common sense of the term, but as in Mr. Ridsdale's case they were bread which could be eaten, there appeared to be no ground for their prohibition. It may be remarked that in the case of the two points in which the decision favours the Ritualists, its language is that of hesitation, and such as not to preclude a future judgment in a contrary sense. If it should be ascertained that the people cannot really see the breaking of the bread when the body of the celebrant comes between them and it, it would

appear that, on the very ground alleged in the judgment, the decision must be reversed. And if it should turn out that any Ritualist should use wafers of bread other than is commonly eaten, on that point also a future court might, on the principles here laid down, have to condemn him for so doing.

Looked upon as a decision on a difficult point of law, the judgment before us is evidently one of those in which the court has had practically to make the law rather than simply to follow it. The decision is technical and subtle to the very highest degree. It may give, as Lord John Russell said of the Gorham decision, "general satisfaction"—but it will do so, rather because it declares the law to be what it is very convenient that it should be, than from any clear connection between the authorities on which the case turns and the conclusion which has been deduced from them. It is a thing which a politician might well have desired, that the question before the court should be settled in such a way as to satisfy the Protestant feeling of the country, without driving out of the Establishment the very large and influential body who are known as the High Church party. This has been accomplished by the decision of the Judicial Committee. The point which would have touched the High Churchmen to the quick, and forced on them the consideration of their very position itself, as members of the Establishment, is the point of the eastward position of the celebrant. That point has been conceded to them. On the other hand, the Protestant party had made up its mind not to abide the use of the sacrificial vestments, to which the High Churchmen did not attach all the importance which they possess in the eyes of the Ritualists. So the sacrificial vestments have been given up to the prejudices of the Low Churchmen—if we ought not rather to say, to the general feeling of the country, except of the Ritualist clergy and their own congregations. The other points were matters of less moment, but even as to these the spirit of compromise, rather than any very clear principles of law or common sense, seems to have guided the judgment. The Ritualists may take their wafers if they like, but the Protestants must be satisfied that it is, by the law of the English Establishment, an unwarrantable superstition to set up a representation of our Blessed Redeemer on the Cross in any place or position where it could possibly receive honour or worship.

A judgment such as this is quite certain to elicit a very large amount of hostile criticism. The flaws which it contains are palpable. We have already sufficiently pointed out the weakness of the decision in favour of the eastward position, by the simple recital of the grounds on which the toleration of that position is made to rest. It is obvious that if there is any position at all in which the people are prevented from seeing a certain action performed, it must be when the person who performs it turns his back on them to perform it. The decision against the

vestments is undeniably open to the remark, that it is the only decision that could have been given on the matter by a tribunal the rule of which was to contradict formally and in so many words the rubric of the Prayer-Book on the point in question. There is no question at all as to the kind of ornaments worn by the clergy in a certain given year in the reign of Edward the Sixth. The rubric says, in so many words, that these ornaments are to be retained, and the judgment of the Privy Council says in so many words that it is illegal to wear them. No doubt there is an answer ready, on the part of the framers of the judgment, to this very plain criticism—we are only saying that it was sure to be made. It is a very technical answer indeed, and we need not repeat it for the benefit of our own readers. It may satisfy a legal mind, but to a common sense judgment it is something very like a quibble. What can be said, in all fairness, for the Judges, is that they had a very difficult task before them, if they were not to be allowed to go somewhat beyond the mere letter of the documents before them, and to apply, to what was in truth a question of a very practical nature, the common sense principle of the immense power of a long continued custom in a matter of almost daily use, in either interpreting, or even overriding, the letter of a law which would have been altered centuries ago if any one had thought that the exploded usage prescribed by its letter could ever have been revived. And we may take the liberty of suggesting to the Ritualist critics of Lord Cairns and his colleagues that one very simple question. We hear a great deal about the wrongness of putting on a rubric an interpretation which is diametrically opposed to its plain words. May we venture, then, to suggest that the way in which this decision has treated the "ornaments rubric," as it is called, should be compared, as the extent to which it does violence to plain language, with the manner in which Ritualists themselves are in the habit of treating another very important rubric which occurs at the end of their Communion office—in which it is laid down, in so many words, that, if people are told to kneel at the reception and celebration of Holy Communion, it is not that there is anything or person there present to whom or to which adoration or worship is due, and that the Body of our Blessed Lord is in heaven and not here? It appears to us, that there is less ground for the evasion—if we must use such an expression—by which the Ritualists, and not they alone, attach to this solemn prescription of their Church a meaning which is consistent with the real presence of our Lord's Adorable Body and Blood—which alone would justify them in contending so earnestly for the vestments and ceremonial to which they are so devoted—than for the certainly technical, but still not unintelligible, reference to the Act of Uniformity passed about the same time with the insertion of the "ornaments rubric," and to the subsequent advertisements issued under the authority of Queen

Elizabeth, by which the writers of the judgment now in question explain their own way of interpreting the last-named rubric.

It will naturally be asked, what will be the result of this decision on the parties whose very existence in the Establishment seem to be threatened before it was given? Time enough has not yet elapsed for any certain conjecture as to this. It may be considered, however, as unlikely in the highest degree that any strong action on the part of the great bulk of the High Churchmen will ensue. They have all that they consider essential in the eastward position. They may continue to celebrate in peace, as they have all along been accustomed to celebrate. The judgment has separated their cause from that of the Ritualists. When we add that the High Churchmen seem likely for the present to find occupation enough for their energies in attacks on the Public Worship Regulation Act, and in an agitation for its repeal, which is pretty sure to lead to nothing, we may dismiss for the present all thought of seeing them attempt any actual disobedience to the judgment which has now been given. Englishmen are a law-loving race—especially when the law secures them, without any great inconvenience, the enjoyment of the many advantages which fall to the lot of the respected and influential ministers of the richest Establishment in the world. It remains to be seen what the effect of the judgment may be on those whom it more directly touches—that is, on the Ritualists, in the strict sense of the term. Even here, however, it would surprise us if any immediate and violent result were to follow from the judgment. It at present affects Mr. Ridsdale, and him alone. Whether he will emulate Mr. Tooth in resistance to the law will soon be known—but whatever he does, his line of action will not involve others. Under the much-abused Act for the Regulation of Public Worship, each individual offender against the legal ritual of the Establishment must be brought into Court before he can be, in the language of the present Premier, “put down.” Whether he is brought into Court or not depends mainly on his congregation. Those therefore who have expecting to see a general and immediate abandonment of vestments and Catholic ceremonial on the part of the many Anglican clergymen who now use both, may very possibly be reckoning without their host. These gentlemen are not yet forced by any imperious necessity to choose between the founding of a new religious body of their own, in which vestments may be used of any sort or colour that may suit their ideas of ecclesiastical propriety, and the retaining of their place among the Anglican clergy at the price of conformity to the ritual law as now set forth by the Judicial Committee. Some of their organs, we see, declare that no one of them will ever submit to such a degradation as to celebrate in the garments which have satisfied such model Anglicans as Ken and Keble. Others, however, have already discovered that the vestments are of secondary importance, and we may

expect to see the party which will act on this contented view of the matter outnumber the other. Some of the Ritualist leaders have already taken up the cry for the repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act, and the alteration of the Court of Appeal—a sure sign that they mean to do nothing worse. There has never yet, as far as we can remember, been a decision given by that Court which has displeased the High Churchmen which has not been followed by a momentary agitation of the kind of which we speak. Such agitations are eminently futile—though they serve the purpose of satisfying a certain amount of angry feeling. The Ritualist movement will not, for the moment, be checked—at least, it will not be put an end to—by the issue of the Ridsdale case. It will depend chiefly on the congregations, who have hitherto been enthusiastic on the side of their clergy, whether the prohibitions implied in the judgment are applied universally or not. It is quite conceivable that ten years hence there may be as many vestments worn as are worn now. But the result of the litigation and of the decision which has formally terminated it, will not be the less important in the long run. A fresh stir has been made in the troubled waters of the Establishment. A new occasion has arisen, which has forced the whole question of its doctrinal and ecclesiastical character and position upon the consideration of thoughtful minds. And a fresh illustration has been given of the true nature of the change which took place when the clergy of this country, in Convocation assembled, renounced their allegiance to the Catholic Church, and deliberately transferred to the Crown the judicial authority which had up to that time been held to reside in the See of St. Peter.

5.—*Italy and Rome.*

The most important political event of the month in Italy has been the rejection of the Clerical Abuses Bill by the Senate on the 7th of May. This result was not altogether unexpected, for the committee appointed to report on the Bill had given an opinion adverse to its adoption. The grounds taken against it by the senators who have usually supported the Italian Government in measure after measure against the Church, seem to have been that it was a departure from the line of policy hitherto professed by that Government—which has always been anxious to wear the mask of an apparent toleration—and an adoption of the Bismarckian policy of open persecution in its place. It is quite possible that more than one of the European Powers may have given the Italian Ministry a friendly hint that the German policy was not suited for the climate of Rome. As soon as the rejection of the Bill by a small majority became known, the correspondents of some of the English papers, which are on the side of the Italians, were instructed to say in their letters to this country that the result of the debate had been a great disappointment to the Vatican. The

Holy Father was represented as having rejoiced in the grievance which had been at last furnished him, and as in very low spirits because that grievance had been taken away. Let us hope that if, as is not improbable, Signor Mancini should renew his attempt at persecution before many weeks are over, these gentlemen may not forget what they have said as to the impolicy of the measure. Catholics will do well not to be too exultant at the check which the enemies of the Church have received. It is better that such a Bill should have been rejected than that it should have been passed. But the state of the question between the Church and the Italian Government has been set forth solemnly by the Holy Father in the appeal to the civilized world, which was contained in his Allocution of the 12th of March. The evils therein complained of have been in no manner or measure alleviated by the late vote of the Italian Senate. One more intended act of persecution has been prevented or adjourned, and that is all. It has also, in all probability, been ascertained, in the course of that diplomatic interchange of ideas of which the outside world hears so little at the time, that there is no European Government ready to exert itself for the Holy Father with a view to the restoration of his civil principedom and temporal power. Nothing but that will satisfy Catholics, because the experience of the last few years has added fresh intensity to their conviction, a conviction founded upon plain reason as well as on the declarations of authority, that nothing short of this will enable the Holy Father to discharge his office of Supreme Pastor of the Christian world as it ought to be discharged. We have, therefore, an immense work still to be done, in the direction of all powers and influences within our reach to the end of the emancipation of the Church from the tyranny which now oppresses her, and it would only be unfaithfulness to that work to think or speak as if her triumph had begun because the Bill of Signor Mancini has not passed the Italian Senate.

6.—*The English Pilgrimage—Death of the Marchioness of Lothian.*

At the time at which we write, the English pilgrims to Rome for the Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father are returning to their homes, or have already reached them. They will carry back, we venture to predict, recollections which will not easily fade, and which will rejoice the hearts of many of them to the end of their lives. It has often been thought and said that to those who have known Rome in the days when she was as yet uninvaded by the anti-Christian Power which now bears sway over her Seven Hills, a visit to her must be full of the most painful contrasts. The remark is but half true. For Rome is always Rome, and if under her present circumstances a certain number of her ordinary attractions are wanting, there are others to take their place, if not altogether to compensate for them. Above all, never

for many a long century has the old man, who rules the whole Christian world from the shrine of the first Vicar of our Lord, drawn to his own person in so remarkable a degree the sympathy and love of his spiritual children. To go to Rome now is to see the prisoner of the Vatican, Pius the Ninth, in his extreme old age, with all the original beauties and graces of character which won men's hearts so wonderfully when he first appeared in public, refined, deepened, and intensified by sufferings of unexampled weight, borne with unparalleled patience and sweetness. The presence of the Pope is always august ; but there is an unusual spiritual majesty about the Pontiff who has been the victim of so much ingratitude and so much perfidy.

The address of the Holy Father to the English deputation is already well known to our readers, with its hearty acknowledgment of the honourable system of tolerance which is now the rule of our Government, and its ardent prayer for the increase of the Church in this country, and for that internal harmony and perfect union among ourselves, which is the condition of all true ecclesiastical prosperity. But we cannot part from the subject of the pilgrimage to Rome without one word of reference to the sudden sorrow which fell, first upon those in Rome, and then upon all Catholics in England and Scotland, a sorrow which was not the less piercing because it seemed in so marked a manner to consecrate, by the exaction of a great sacrifice, the homage which England was paying to the Vicar of Christ. The good and holy lady, who seemed the centre of that as of all other works of devotion to which she laid her hand—and there was none which came within its reach to which her hand was not laid—was struck down as in a moment, before she had time to lay at the feet of the Holy Father the rich offerings with which she had charged herself. Her pure and simple soul, rich in so many gifts of every kind, and richer still in its childlike humility, was to be called on for a last and sudden sacrifice in the midst of its activity, full of plans and desires of charity and devotion, with many a scheme for the glory of God and the good of her neighbour only half accomplished. The pilgrimage to Rome was a work the success of which seemed assured. Our country was nobly represented, and a spirit of enthusiasm and joy seemed to possess those who had the privilege of taking part in it. Those who are familiar with the ways in which God deals with the persons whom He especially loves, and the undertakings which are most pleasing to Him, will not be disposed either to complain or to wonder at the blow which turned the joyous gathering of friends around the tomb of St. Peter into a family of mourners, praying in deep but tranquil affliction around the bier of one whom all alike venerated and loved. It seemed as if a crown of glory had been placed upon the work which had brought them so far, as well as upon a noble and devoted life, the animating principle of which had been the love of God.

This is not a place where much can be said of the personal history or private character of the late Lady Lothian, and the grief which all who knew her must feel at her sudden removal is too recent for any attempt to estimate what it is that we have all lost. Since the deaths of Mr. Charles Langdale and Bishop Grant, the Catholic community in England and Scotland has had no such bereavement. A beautiful life has been crowned by a glorious end. Lady Lothian was a perfect example of the simple-hearted and highly cultivated English lady, brought up in the noble traditions of our best families, filling with easy grace the highest position in society, and admirable in the discharge of the many grave responsibilities which her rank and her early widowhood imposed upon her. The religious movement of forty years ago towards Catholicism enlisted her sympathies, because her heart was Christian and her life devout. She would have been a Catholic sooner than she was, had not the simplicity and humility, which were always her characteristics, made her for a time the obedient victim of an Anglican director, who did not scruple to tell her, on his own authority, that to submit to the Catholic Church would be to commit the sin against the Holy Ghost. From the time when she saw through the hollow claims of Anglicanism, her life was one of continual and ever-increasing devotion to the faith and to the Church. She had the happiness to see her five younger children follow her into the Church. Her Catholic training, if we may so speak, was received at Rome, where she spent the greater part of six or seven years after her conversion. She then went from Rome to work in England—for no word can describe her life better than the word work. She carried with her the large, free, courageous, charitable Roman spirit—an open heart and an open hand, a burning zeal to give, first herself, and then whatever else she had to give, for God and her neighbour, an intense devotion to the Holy See, and a special love for the poor and for religious orders, whose activity she had learnt to appreciate in the Holy City. She naturally devoted her exertions, in the first instance, to Scotland, the country of her husband's family. She had built a church at Jedburgh while she was yet a High Churchwoman, and now as a Catholic she built another at Dalkeith. But she soon came to be the centre and leading spirit of Catholic good works in London, and we should have to say that her loss here would be irreparable, did we not know that she has left behind her many whose zeal and charity will be kindled to a higher pitch than ever by the thought that she has left to them, as the most precious of legacies, her work and her example. So it is in the kingdom of God. He takes away His most useful servants, as it seems to us, and at the time of their greatest usefulness. They are called to their reward, and become the patrons where they were once the labourers. Others rise up in their place. If there is not always an Eliseus to take up the work of an Elias, the service which has been in the hands of one is distributed

among many. So we may trust it will be with the work of the good Marchioness of Lothian. No end to a life like hers could be more beautiful, unless she had been actually called to shed her blood for the faith. Nowhere would she have chosen to die rather than in the Holy City, which she loved so well, and where she had lived so long and learnt so much. She died, we may surely say, in the service of the Church and of the Holy See, and the prayers and the blessings of the Vicar of our Lord were poured forth, with the full affection of a father, over her sick bed and over her bier.

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